The Nation.

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The Week.

By Executive order, Secretary Root has now succeeded in obtaining nearly the full measure of consular reform which he asked of Congress. Hereafter, under the comprehensive rules issued by President Roosevelt, all promotions within the service are to be made only for demonstrated efficiency, while all original appointments to the lower grades are to be in accordance with the merit system. Vacancies in these grades are to be filled, first, by the appointment of consular clerks, agents, and deputies, who have themselves entered the service after examination; and, second, by the nomination of other candidates who shall have met the prescribed tests in knowledge of languages and commercial law. It is especially provided that in no case "will the political affiliations of a candidate be considered." The only limitation on the pure merit system is that appointments shall be made so as to secure "proportional representation" among the various States. All in all, this is a notable reform which Mr. Root has compassed by steady persistence, seconded as he has been by Mr. Roosevelt. The Secretary must have taken secret pleasure, in view of the refusal of Congress to do what has now been accomplished by the President's order, in penning the following sentence, of which the irony is delicate:

> Judging from the positive commendation which many members of both Houses have expressed for the proposed change in the method of appointing consuls, I do not doubt that the new system will receive the hearty approval of the Senate and of Congress whenever occasion may arise for an expression upon the subject.

"Fearless and patriotic" is one of the phrases which President Eliot used in conferring upon Secretary Ethan Allen Hitchcock the Harvard doctorate of laws. The characterization is apt. An honorary degree for public service could not be more worthily bestowed. It is unnecessary to detail Mr. Hitchcock's victories, which are still fresh in all memories. Enough to say that he found the administration of certain land offices honeycombed with fraud—fraud involving not only men of wealth and of prominence in local politics, but high officers, Representatives in Congress, and even one member of the United States Senate. Unmoved by clamor, appeal, or powerful political influences, unterrified by threats, he has pursued, and is still pursuing, these malefactors to the bitter end. In his speech at the commencement dinner, Mr. Hitchcock declared that the successful prosecution of these cases would have been impossible without "the inspiration, example, and support at all times and under all circumstances" of President Roosevelt. This, as men familiar with conditions in the Northwest are well aware, is not a mere perfunctory acknowledgment. The bringing of the land-thieves to justice must rank as one of the finest achievements of the Roosevelt Administration. But if Secretary Hitchcock was fortunate in having the hearty backing of the President, the President was equally fortunate in having a Secretary of the Interior who deserved such backing.

The railway catastrophe at Salisbury, by which twenty-three Americans lost their lives, will set many a newspaper reader to wondering if in the matter of accidents English railways are, after all, so superior to American. When the killing of 10,046 persons and the injuring of 84,155 others was reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission as the terrible record for the United States in the year ending June 30, 1904, there was a justifiable outcry against a waste of human life, beside which the losses in many great battles appear insignificant. That there should be systematic effort to check the slaughter is obvious; this feeling has already led President Roosevelt to invoke the law against such railroads as have violated statutes in regard to safety appliances. Nevertheless, comparisons with foreign statistics are often misleading. Of the thousands of victims in 1903-04, only 262 were killed and 4,978 injured by collisions and derailments in the United States. The majority are those who insisted on walking the tracks, stealing rides, and jumping from moving trains, or are employees sacrificed by incompetent officials or by the carelessness of the management. In England, in 1904, 1,158 persons were killed, although the railway mileage in the United Kingdom is but one-tenth of that in the United States. When the English injured for the same period, 18,802, is compared with the 84,155 injured in the United States, it is apparent that the number of killed and injured in Great Britain was greater per mile in that year than in the United States. It is in the number of employees and trespassers killed and hurt that our own railroads may be rightly indicted as far more reckless than the English.

The "Sixth and Final Report" of the two remaining members of the investigating committee of the Mutual Life, William H. Truesdale and John W. Auchincloss, brings forth new instances of mismanagement and dishonesty. Speaking of the real estate department the committee declares:

> In the administration of this branch of the company's operations great extravagance is glaringly apparent on every hand, coupled with entire absence of ordinary business methods and care.

One specification is that the entire real estate investment holdings of the company showed a net loss on cost price of $5,723,633 on December 1, 1905, and earned approximately 2.444 per cent. on the capital invested in 1904 and 2.495 in 1905. Moreover, there is a discrepancy between the general books of the company and those of the bond and mortgage department, whereby three "temporary" loans were made, aggregating $410,000, of which the law department has no knowledge and no record of title. Of this whole sum $300,000 is still unaccounted for. The committee discusses several other transactions of questionable character. As significant as anything in the report is the clear admission that the trustees should not be interested in subsidiary companies or in syndicate operations with the Mutual. A year ago such practices seemed to be almost the rule in life insurance management. The agitation of the subject—to say nothing of the legislation at Albany—has brought to all minds a clearer understanding of the fact that no trustee should be placed where his decision regarding the company's investments will affect his own pocket.

The poor "widow woman" who sewed on trousers for the army and who, threatened with the loss of employment by the heartless contractors at the Schuylkill Arsenal, appealed to the President to save her job, need not fear that her work will be taken over by imported needlemen from London. A patriotic Acting Secretary of War assures us that the British expert on army uniform is only to modify or "smarten" the pattern after which the clothes of our soldiers are cut. Mr. Winter expressed the object of his mission cleverly when he declared: "I am going to make your privates look like officers, and your officers—all like generals." The khaki uniform, leggings, and slouch hat are useful and picturesque; on hard duty our privates yield nothing to Tommy Atkins in the matter of dress. But the "army blue," as it is cut and fitted to the average American recruit, is not calculated to rouse a soldier's pride in his clothes. Only the French and Italian infantry soldier is as dowdy and unimpressive a figure as that shown on the lithographs pasted above the doors of recruiting stations in this country.

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If all of our great sartorial designers insist upon taking up illustration and portrait painting, we must bring over from London an artist humble enough to work on an army uniform.

The news that the Hamburg-American Company is to build the first 800-foot steamship is a fresh reminder that the rivalry of Atlantic steamship companies is international. This venture is avowedly to put on the New York route a ship superior to the 760-foot Lusitania and Mauritania of the Cunard Line. These leviathans were intended to win back for England that supremacy on the Atlantic which the German companies have held for several years. And if, as some would have us believe, every French heart is throbbing ecstatically in unison with La Provence's mighty engines, we may soon hear of an 850-foot Frenchman. Canal and dock builders must take notice. The day of the 1,000-foot liner is not far off. The Great Eastern, with her 690 feet of length, is forgotten. For the last decade or more there has been a falling off in the desire for very fast vessels. In the eighties, when the Alaska, the Arizona, and the Oregon were making their records, speed was the great desideratum. From 1895 to 1900 more attention was paid to other features. All the companies—particularly the German ones—have found much profit in catering to the many people of small means who want comfortable steamers, but are ready to spend from eight to ten days on the water. The English builders have responded to this demand by constructing such ocean giants as the Baltic, the Cedric, and the Celtic, whose stewards vainglorously boast of never having had to produce table racks.

The Cunard Company has shown foresight in turning—like the British navy—to turbines. The Germans still hesitate to adopt them, just as they have been over-conservative in taking up the submarine; but the turbine ship is such a vast improvement in steadiness, in the comparative absence of vibration, the lack of unpleasant odors, and in the saving in engine-room force, that its eventual capture of the whole ocean can hardly be doubted. That turbine engines are still in the experimental stage and have not made the saving in coal hoped for, is true. Even the Lusitania's turbines and the arrangement of her four great screws have not escaped the censure of engineers. Her reversing engine-power, however, will be tremendous, and she will disprove the early argument that turbine boats cannot back. What further revolutions the liner will undergo no one may dream; but this is certain: the turbine has come to stay until superseded by some still more remarkable invention.

"If I go into a saloon for a glass of beer," declared a loyal union cigarmaker, at a meeting of the Central Federated Union in New York last Sunday, "and I see non-union bolognas, I walk right out." He might be excused, in these troubled days, for walking right out if he merely saw bolognas on the free-lunch counter. But there is implied in his words a fine enthusiasm for union principles—let the mottled segments but show the mystic label, and this man would not only drink his union-made beer, but would eat his sawdust, candle-ends, and tow, disguised as bologna, and be virtuously refreshed thereby. Bit by bit, the horrible treachery of the average working man is being exposed. He buys boycotted beer merely because he likes it; he smokes non-union cigars, and is not choked by the fumes; his wife is allowed to patronize non-union bakeries; his children go to school to be taught by unorganized "scab" teachers; and, worst of all, when he arrives at the dignity of an office in the Central Federated Union, he neglects to find out whether the horse he rides in the Labor Day parade has been shod by a union horseshoer. These are all preventable blunders. Let no guilty union man say that he forgot or that he didn't know, or that his wife didn't ask him. It is only by the rigid observance of such minor points of doctrine that the majesty of the whole union theory is borne in upon the toiler.

The National Sculpture Society is investigating the rather unusual controversy between Charles Henry Niehaus, the sculptor, and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company. Mr. Niehaus had made, as was supposed for temporary purposes connected with the exposition, a statue of St. Louis. Learning that it was to be put in bronze and permanently installed in Forest Park, he protested, and demanded opportunity for revision and improvement of the statue, with extra compensation. The dispute has little artistic consequence; it is easier to comprehend the sculptor's desire to suppress the statue than the committee's zeal to perpetuate it. But the case raises an interesting issue of principle. Much avowedly ephemeral work for temporary decoration is done by all artists. Certainly it is desirable that they should retain control over such production. They should, it seems, be protected by a specific form of contract, such as an author enters into when he sells merely the magazine rights of an article, and reserves rights of permanent publication. The case seems to call, not for new legislation, but for more businesslike dealings between artists and arrangers of exhibition pageantry.

Educational authorities who smile pityingly when a self-made critic denounces "fads" in the schools, may now quote the result of a recent inquiry among Providence parents. A blank was sent to 5,500 parents and guardians of children in public schools, asking for an answer to this question: "Shall the so-called 'fad' studies be taught, or shall the whole effort of education be confined to the teaching of 'the three R's' alone?" Some 4,900 replies were received, 87.9 per cent. of them favorable to the "fads." In special divisions of the questions, the answers were distributed as follows:

	Favorable.	Not favorable.
Music	4,726	173
Drawing	4,663	222
Gymnastics	4,651	231
Nature study	3,844	1,004
Manual training	3,360	1,047

By a majority of five to one, also, the replies favored the teaching of physiology. No single school district failed to return an affirmative majority on any single subject. Over half of the replies, it is estimated, were made by taxpayers.

Harvard's victory in the 'varsity race at New London will stimulate anew the somewhat flagging interest in rowing at Cambridge. Unfortunately, it will also, we fear, fasten the professional rowing coach upon Harvard for a long time to come. Wray has not yet proved himself the match of Courtney at Cornell, but this one victory will make him seem indispensable to many friends of a college which has had only four rowing successes in the last twenty-one years. This we cannot but regret. In the long run, Harvard in particular and college athletics in general, would have benefited far more had the Cambridge authorities stuck to graduate coaching, even at the price of a still longer list of defeats. But the younger graduates insisted on a professional trainer, and a weak Athletic Committee yielded to their opinion. As a result, the contest at New London is primarily one between Wray and Kennedy, and will become year by year more of a duel between these trainers. Meanwhile, the old idea of sixteen young men trained by themselves or their friends and rowing for pure sport, which ruled in President Eliot's day and still holds in England, is relegated further and further to the forgotten past. At Poughkeepsie, for instance, the only question the visitor need ask himself annually is whether or not Courtney has got his material licked into shape. If he has, the outcome is practically certain.

Match play vs. medal play is a question which Horace Hutchinson, the English writer on golf, has been discussing, and which is forced on American attention also by the open championship tournament just ended. Why should the amateur championship be determined by match play, while the open or professional championship is awarded to the

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man returning the lowest score after four rounds of medal play? For match play, it may be argued that it pits man against man, and not a man against an ideal score, and so brings out the personal element which adds so much to all competitions in sport. Then there are the delightful surprises, the lucky accidents, the constantly changing aspect of the match. In such picturesque uncertainty, match play is superior. On the other hand, advocates of medal play urge that the object of a tournament is to ascertain, not who is the luckiest or sporadically most dashing player, but who is the steadiest, the most even—in a word, really the *best*. With this end in view, medal play is the only sure test. By this standard, perfection is the aim all through. You cannot indulge in the pleasant sins of slicing or pulling, and comfortably hope that they will not make much difference in the end. Every stroke lost goes down against you. It cannot be denied, however, that, compared with match play, medal play is dull and monotonous. The sight of a hundred men going sternly through a long competition, not with each other, but with an abstract measure of excellence, is not inspiring. Professionals, no doubt, attack the business in a cool and matter-of-fact fashion, as all in the day's work, but to the amateur it is certainly irksome, and for the spectator depressing. These differences fit in well with the differences between the amateur and the professional spirit; so that it is just as well to leave the matter where the golfing authorities have fixed it—match play for the amateur championship, with medal play for the professional.

Disaffection in the Preobrajensky regiment of the Guards must seem to the Czar a final insult. No military organization in Europe has been more famous, and none more closely associated with a royal family. During the exciting days of 1880-1881, this regiment was the mainstay of the Czar Alexander II. When the anarchists in February, 1880, blew up the guard room of the Winter Palace, the dead and wounded were of the Preobrajensky regiment. Its battalions were the first on the spot after this explosion, and to its "ever-loyal members" was granted the privilege of standing watch over the body of the Czar, when he finally became the victim of an anarchist's bomb. Till within a short time before his death, Alexander II. had regularly observed the custom which required the sovereign to bivouac with the regiment during the manœuvres at Tsarkoe-Selo; and he slept among the men with no special guard beyond the regiment itself. That within a quarter of a century this picked organization would openly rebel, defy its officers, demand political and military reforms—even a free reading room with the revolutionary newspapers they would not look at in 1881—nobody could have imagined. The Czarina herself might as readily have been expected to take up arms. Truly, the Czar seems nearly as helpless as Louis XVI. when he faced the Parisian mobs at Versailles.

Despite the universal weariness with the Education bill, the Liberal Government continues to hold its majorities of nearly three hundred. Last week a substantial concession was made to the Opposition, by authorizing denominational teaching in schools when it is requested by four-fifths of the parents of the pupils. In principle, this approaches the Prussian system, and the result will be, in effect, to continue such denominational schools as can secure the virtually unanimous support of their communities. The compromise will permit a certain number of voluntary—mostly Church of England—schools to come under national control without any essential change in character. So far, the bill makes for religious conciliation. The defect of the clause, from the point of view of the broadest interests of public education in England, is that by establishing two different sorts of elementary schools, it leaves a remnant of denominational institutions to be dealt with later. But one can hardly blame Mr. Birrell for deciding to make two bites of the rather unmanageable cherry of secularization.

Discussion of the proposed new income tax in France has provoked a debate about the distribution of wealth in that country, M. Jaurès had affirmed, *en bon socialiste*, that 221,000 persons, "not a single one more," owned 60 per cent. of all the wealth of France. He derived these figures from the statistics of inheritance taxes for a single year. But a skilled economist like Jules Roche had no difficulty in showing in the *Figaro* into what gross errors the eloquent orator had been betrayed. He had taken the figures for a single year, in which it chanced that fourteen exceptionally large estates had fallen. A three-year average was much fairer, and yielded very different results. We cannot go into the details, but M. Roche makes it clear that Jaurès was about 40 per cent. out of the way—as he says, "une différence appréciable." More striking, in a way, is the comparison which he institutes between inheritance taxes in France and England. The conclusion at which he arrives is that there are many more huge English estates, but that the number of moderate French estates is vastly greater. His final deduction is that, whatever the Socialists may think or allege, "there is no country where wealth is less unequally distributed than in France, more mobile, more peculiarly dependent upon labor and initiative."

The death of Manuel Garcia, the centenarian teacher of singing, recalls the changes in the musical world during his lifetime. It was given to him to see an extraordinary development of chamber music, of the piano piece, and the modern song, as well as of the opera and the symphony. When he began to revolutionize the art of teaching by his great invention, the laryngoscope, and by the theories he based upon it, Schubert and Schumann and many lesser lights were developing the "art song," whose very creation must be attributed to Schubert, despite the few pretty *lieder* of Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck. In the opera, Garcia witnessed even more remarkable changes—Wagner's revolution of the whole plan. More than that, America at the time of Garcia's birth was musically quite undiscovered, and remained so until he was well beyond middle life. He survived to see it become not only a great musical country, but able to train its own artists for opera and concert stage without the necessity of a resort to European teachers. In England, too, in his old age, he was able to notice a distinct progress in public appreciation of the best in musical art.

A German military writer calls attention to the fact that, notwithstanding all modern improvements in facilitating communication and locomotion, by telephone, wireless telegraphy, bicycle, and automobile, it has not been possible to diminish the need for horses in cavalry and artillery divisions. On the contrary, the supply of horses, so far as Germany is concerned, is falling short of the demand. While the population of the country increases by nearly a million a year, the acreage for supplying fodder for horses remains about the same, and the demand for horses even in non-military pursuits grows rapidly. Pending the time when every peasant and every merchant shall have his motor car, it will therefore be necessary to provide a military substitute for the horse. Automobiles are out of the question, because of their fragility and their uselessness on roads in the condition in which the march of an army leaves them. Under these circumstances, the only available motor is the steam street locomotive. At least, such is the opinion of Lieut. Otfried Layriz, who has written a book, "Der mechanische Zug mittelst Damp-Strassen-Locomotive," in which, basing his deductions on the experiences of the last fifty years, he dwells in detail on the uses of these locomotives, in peace as well as in war. He admits that automobiles have their use as a means of rapidly transporting men and mails; but he maintains that for all other purposes, and they are many, the steam locomotive alone can supplement or supplant horses.

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THE MUCK-RAKE CONGRESS.

Various Congresses have had various names, in characterization of their chief activities or notorieties. There was the Billion-Dollar Congress, though it will soon be well forgotten in the presence of the Two-Billion-Dollar Congress, presently to be with us. There was the Back Pay, or Salary Grab, Congress, the Credit Mobilier Congress, and so on. Judged by its first session, the Fifty-ninth Congress bids fair to be known as the Muck-Rake Congress.

As used, the phrase is not necessarily a term of reproach. It merely describes the kind of pressure and motive which led to the chief legislative enactments. President Roosevelt is quite right in saying that more general laws of a far-reaching sort were passed in the late session than in any of recent years. But the characteristic thing about it all has been the excitement, the frequent crises, the sensational methods used, the series of exposures, of special messages, of bitter controversies, of Presidential letters, and other deliverances, the steam-gauge often marking an approach to the exploding point. All this fervor and acrimony, this shouting, appeal, protest, threatening, and attack are of the essence of what has come to be known as muck-raking. Without it, we may be certain, Congress would not have passed the two measures by which the session will be chiefly remembered, the railway bill and the meat-inspection law. And the main driving power was undoubtedly the President's. The rate bill was passed in a form which he long fought, and with attendant circumstances that damaged his repute; but it was passed, and Mr. Roosevelt may justly claim the credit. In the case of meat inspection, he made a plain surrender on points which he had declared essential; but by this stooping he conquered, in the sense that he got a law, which, but for his feverish activity, we should not have seen at all.

However, it must not be thought that the Presidential programme proved to be anything like a schedule of legislation. If we compare the list of measures urged in Mr. Roosevelt's message, with the list of laws actually passed, we shall see how many rebuffs even a man of his overflowing energy and fertility of resource must encounter when he flings himself upon the inertia of Congress. Let the comparison speak for itself, including the main subjects:

WHAT WAS ASKED.	WHAT WAS DONE.
Prevention of over-capitalization by corporations.	Nothing.
Regulation of railway rates.	Passed.
Limiting hours of labor of railway employees.	Nothing.
Employer's liability bill.	Passed.
Limiting injunction against labor unions.	Refused.
Federal regulation of insurance.	Declared unconstitutional.
Economy of appropriations.	Increase of $60,000,000.
Provision of elastic currency.	Nothing.
Prohibition of campaign contributions by corporations.	Nothing.
Federal naturalization law.	Passed.
Ship subsidies.	Nothing.
Immigration law to keep out "the lazy," etc.	Failed in conference.
Revision of copyright laws.	Nothing.
Pure food law.	Passed.
Reduction of tariff on Philippine goods.	Denied.
Citizenship for Porto Ricans.	Refused.
Joint Statehood.	Granted in different form.
Type of Panama Canal.	Settled.
Protectorate over Santo Domingo.	Refused.

Such a large admixture of failure with success results partly, no doubt, from too ambitious a programme. No President ever equalled Mr. Roosevelt in the number of measures which he "earnestly asks" Congress to pass at once; hence no other President has had to put up with so many outright refusals to budge. In one respect, however, Mr. Roosevelt's failures have peculiar significance. In domestic legislation he has had marked success; it is only in his appeals in behalf of our island dependencies, and in connection with the gorgeous dreams of a West Indian and Central and South American protectorate, that the President has been repulsed at every point. Despite his pleas, Congress remained callous to the appeals of the Filipinos, and the Porto Ricans. As for Mr. Roosevelt's grandiose Dominican policy, it again hangs unacted upon, though the friends of his treaty resisted its being brought to a vote, knowing that it would surely be rejected. These defeats indicate pretty plainly the line of least resistance just now in Congressional law-making. Large and generous legislation for unrepresented colonists can be compassed only with great difficulty. Bills to prevent political corruption die of inanition. The protected interests are left immune. But the passion for regulating corporations, for extending Federal functions in new and dubious ways, for piling up appropriations, is now so strong in the land that it visibly asserts its sway over Congress. By falling in with it, the President is able to make the energizing power of his personality seem redoubled. Whether this tendency will be permanent and wholesome, it is too soon to say; but that it is at present a mighty tide in our public affairs, is plain to even the wayfaring man.

The final verdict upon this session of Congress will be largely favorable. It was marred by no great scandals; it passed few profligate bills; it resisted the ship-subsidy clamor; it saw the freedom and power of debate rise to unaccustomed heights; it was, in general, responsive to the will of the people, so far as that will was clearly declared. Its net record undoubtedly puts the Republicans in better shape for the Congressional elections than they dared hope two months ago. But what the issues and what the result of the approaching campaign will be, many are, to be sure, asserting, but no man knows.

THE FAIR-MINDED SOUTH.

This truth at least underlies the assertion that the South must be left to settle the negro question by itself—that without the initiative and coöperation of fair and broad-minded and justice-loving men and women in the South there can be no settlement. It is, therefore, a ground for taking fresh courage when an utterance by a leading Southerner deals with this great matter in a lofty spirit; loyal to his section, yet national in his patriotism; affirming the South's peculiar duty to take the lead, yet insisting that it lead only where believers in equal laws and democratic principles can follow. Such a spirit inspires the address on "Slavery and the Race Problem in the South," delivered at the University of Georgia on June 19 by William H. Fleming.

Mr. Fleming is a man of repute and weight in Georgia. His political service as Speaker in the State Legislature and member of Congress for three terms was honorable, and his professional standing is shown by the fact that for a year he was President of the State Bar Association. An alumnus of the University of Georgia, he went back to speak on a platform dedicated to free speech by the lamented Chancellor Hill. In fact, Mr. Fleming states that the late Chancellor highly approved his choice of a topic, saying to him, just before being stricken by fatal illness: "I wish my platform at Athens to be a place for the freest expression of honest thought."

In the rather sordid Georgia campaign, where rival candidates for the Governorship are competing in promises of negro disfranchisement, Mr. Fleming's speech has a bracing sound. Not temporary and partisan advantage is his aim, but lasting decisions conceived in justice. With a fine gesture, he dismisses "that trinity of impossibilities—deportation, assimilation, or annihilation"—and says, "Let us offer the simple plan of justice." Himself a firm believer in race purity and white supremacy, Mr. Fleming shows by a broad statistical survey how chimerical is the notion of negro domination, and concludes that "the white people of the South, and especially of the State of Georgia, can now proceed to work out their racial problem on lines of justice to the negro. . . . Those fears which once appalled us we may now dismiss and let reason resume its sway."

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Mr. Fleming gave one warning which ought to be heeded, for it is based on accurate knowledge. This was that the South can expect no alteration in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, except "in the direction of placing under Federal control the entire subject of suffrage qualifications in all national and State elections." "The less we agitate it the better." And the lawyer in the speaker also had some direct things to say about the schemes "to disfranchise the negro by a fraudulent administration of the law." By no other means could the promise be kept of entirely "eliminating" the negro without depriving "a single white man of his ballot, no matter how illiterate or ignorant he may be." Of the various tricks used by the officers of registration in other States, in order to turn away from the polls negroes legally qualified to vote, Mr. Fleming spoke with proper indignation: "It is on this miserable bare-faced scheme of fraud that our proud and noble people are asked to rest their safety and their civilization!" Even of the "grandfather clause"—that favorite device to include white illiterates while excluding black—he expressed the opinion that, whenever the Supreme Court came fairly to pass upon it, it "must fall of its own crookedness."

In lieu of further epitome, we insert a few of the more striking passages from this notable address:

> Not only is this campaign against the negro unnecessary and unjust, but it is most inopportune at this juncture. When every county in the State is calling loudly for more labor to serve the household and till the fields and develop our resources, why should we seek to enact more oppressive laws against the labor we now have?
>
> Suppose we admit the oft-reiterated proposition that no two races so distinct as the Caucasian and the negro can live together on terms of perfect equality; yet it is equally true that without some access to the ballot, present or prospective, some participation in the Government, no inferior race in an elective republic could long protect itself against reduction to slavery in many of its substantial forms—and God knows the South wants no more of that curse.
>
> Are there two codes of morality, one for individuals, and another for aggregations of individuals? Can we practise fraud as a collective body of citizens and still preserve our personal integrity as individual citizens?
>
> Let us solve the negro problem by giving the negro justice, and applying to him the recognized principles of the moral law. This does not require social equality. It does not require that we should surrender into his inexperienced and incompetent hands the reins of political government. But it does require that we recognize his fundamental rights as a man, and that we judge each individual according to his own qualifications, and not according to the lower average characteristics of his race. Political rights cannot justly be withheld from those American citizens of an inferior or backward race who raise themselves up to the standard of citizenship which the superior race applies to its own members.

When we place such a deliverance as this of Mr. Fleming in contrast with that of Senator F. McL. Simmons of North Carolina, in the last *Independent*, we have the fair-minded and progressive South alongside the narrow and stagnant, and are left in no doubt which one has the future in its keeping.

THE ARTIST IN OUR WORLD.

The follies of the time and his own frailties did everything possible to undo the great artist in Stanford White, but, fortunately, did not wholly succeed. The pleasure-house which was the scene of his murder remains an imposing monument to his genius; a few more fine buildings testify to the playfulness and exuberance of his inspiration. Many structures of his firm (McKim, Mead & White), the credit for whose work was rather indiscriminately given to the member most in evidence, bear the sign manual of his taste. Yet a review of the work definitely assignable to him shows that it is small in comparison with his powers and with the impression he made upon his colleagues. In actual creative quality, probably only Richardson among American architects was his equal. In physical force he was indomitable. Once he rode all night over the roughest of mountain trails to keep an appointment which he was in danger of missing because he had gone from New York to New Orleans to witness a prize-fight. Why was it that, with the energy and knowledge of the great architects of the Renaissance, and with a wealthy patronage fairly rivalling that of the Medici princes and popes, his work seems so incomplete and episodical?

Severe moralists will find the cause in his devotion to pleasure. Many another great artist, however, has been overmastered by the flesh, with no apparent detriment to his art. His colleagues explain that he was in a sense misplaced, being by temperament and gift rather a painter and decorator than an architect. But this does not really explain anything. It is the essence of genius to make its own opportunities, and his was genius of a high order. An achievement that would be creditable for a smaller man, is confessedly inadequate for him. Surely, then, we have to do with a capital case of unutilized or even perverted energies. He seems to have been in a large degree the victim of the society which he sought above all else to please, to which he was the titular arbiter of taste.

His own æsthetic standards were the highest; but insensibly, as he sold his taste to a wealthy but half-trained society, he condescended to their ignorance and vanity. The time that he should have given to creative design, he spent in despoiling French and Italian country houses of their fittings and furnishings, and he adorned many an American mansion with irrelevant plunder of this sort. Enormously profitable as an incident to his profession, this traffic was naturally congenial to a passionate collector of every sort of art. The fallacy of the undertaking will be realized when it is noted that the shiploads of antiquities he furnished to his plutocratic clients contained very few objects above respectable mediocrity, while he himself, one of the most-talked-of collectors of our time, has left personal accumulations inferior to those of amateurs of far smaller wealth and opportunity. In other words, he offered the tragic spectacle of a taste gradually adjusting itself to that of its market. Though immensely the superior of his world, he was content to be its purveyor. His career, as you choose to regard it, is that of a magnificent condottiere in architecture, who won brilliant skirmishes, but avoided the laborious operations of sieges and great campaigns; or of an æsthetic major domo to an opulent world, whose especial vanity was the possession of fine works of art. Stanford White gave his clients quite as good as they deserved or wanted, but meantime, in such brokerage, he wasted precious days that should have seen a succession of his own masterpieces.

We have thus dwelt upon this remarkable career because it is typical: it illustrates with singular and pathetic emphasis the defects of art patronage among us. It is, we believe, the business of the artist to please his public, but it is also his privilege to educate his patrons. In the great periods of art the painter and his patron have met on something like equal terms; in fact, the man who pays the money has been very willing to learn from the artist. Between the two classes, under these circumstances, there is a lively and profitable interchange of ideas. Such was the case in the courts of Philip of Burgundy, the Emperor Maximilian, of Charles the Fifth, the Medicis, Sforzas, D'Estes, Louis the Fourteenth; such was the case in the republics of Athens and Florence, and in the Venetian oligarchy. But the artist in America who to-day addresses himself to his natural patrons in the wealthiest classes, meets either a disheartening indifference or a more positively demoralizing vanity.

Possibly, indifference is the more sinister attitude. There is no greater enemy of the artist than the man who, while he fills his house with objects of art, as he fills his greenhouses with orchids, or his stables with thoroughbreds, neither knows nor loves the splendid things his money buys. To the artist, appreciation is the breath of life. For him to be in the position of merely giving a money's worth is suicidal; to be habitually and consciously giving less is artistic death in life. Yet this is the danger that constantly threatens the artist in a day of indiscriminate accumulation. It was a danger that diverted and diminished the career of the artist we have lost. With the arrogance that pretends to know, Stanford White was able to cope. To the vanity that did not care

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but could pay lavishly he became a victim.

His career points the difficulty of the middle way that the artist must follow to succeed. A generation earlier or later, we are fain to hope, the flowering of such a genius would have been more normal, and the fruit more abundant. Our age has tended to debase the artist to its own standards, or to shut him up in the musky atmosphere of adoring cliques. The frittering away of genius, as illustrated by the apparently successful career of Stanford White, is an exhortation to all true artists to master that most difficult art of being in the world, but not of it.

FRACTICAL SIDE OF THE CLASSICS.

A considerable portion of the *School Review* for this month is given up to a discussion of "The value of humanistic, particularly classical, studies, as a preparation for the study of medicine and of engineering." Professors Vaughan and Hinsdale of the medical schools of Michigan University, and Professor Williams of the engineering department, all agree that the student of medical or engineering science is badly off with "small Latin," and may profitably spend considerable time upon Greek. There is a singular unanimity in the old-fashioned opinion that the study of the classics is more disciplinary than that of the newer subjects which the elective system has imposed upon the secondary schools.

All three speakers dwell upon the value of classical studies in cultivating habits of mental precision. Professor Sadler gives the sense of the meeting when he says:

> As a means of inculcating ideas of exactness the study of the humanities is *facile princeps*. The niceties of translation, the importance of gender, number, and case, the proper use of the moods and tenses, and the demands of the relative clause, compel the mind toward a certain definiteness which is lacking in many of the subjects taught in the early stages of education. The most simple translation, or even the study of the grammar of these subjects, demands a directness of attention and a consideration of detail which cannot be otherwise than beneficial to a student whose work in the future will lead him into subjects where generalization is impossible.

About this view there is nothing novel: it has been held by generations of school teachers, and it has been seriously challenged only in our own times—in the name, be it noted, of specialization. Highly significant, then, is a plea for the classics from the ranks of those who are specialists themselves and whose task is to educate specialists. These practical men join Charles Francis Adams and other educational theorists in reverting to the immemorial ideal of athletic mental training as opposed to premature accumulation of special information.

These teachers of medicine and engineering had all found their greatest obstacle in a prevailing intellectual flabbiness among their students. President Thwing, in an article on "College Students as Thinkers," in the *North American Review*, reluctantly notes the same tendency. He regrets that in some cases "an easy-going system [the elective system] results in a neglect of the intellectual severities and virilities." Dr. Thwing refers us to the hopeful fact that "the Anglo-Saxon man, too—even if he be the college man—has the primary power of self-correction." Apparently, a certain number of medical men are distrustful of these automatic healing processes, and would prescribe rather frequent stiff doses of Greek and Latin.

A special plea for the humanities was made by the representative of the engineer's profession. He recalled the intimate relation between engineering science and great commercial exploitations. On the technical side, an engineer making a report or presenting a project, should command the most lucid English and a ready pen. Considering his calling more broadly, he must be able to cope socially and intellectually with all manner of men. In a very true sense, he must be a man of the world, with an easy possession of the niceties of human intercourse. Professor Sadler did not exalt his ideal engineer to the level of Castiglione's ideal courtier, but none the less he outlined a character which, according to the traditional view, is best formed through studies at once difficult and humane.

At present there is indubitably a movement of educational thought back towards the older disciplinary ideals. The discussion we have noticed, and the evidence presented in Dr. Thwing's article, are merely typical expressions of a widespread misgiving. Have the various substitutes for the classical languages fairly justified themselves as disciplinary equivalents? This question cannot be answered satisfactorily until the modern languages, history, and the elements of the sciences have worked out their own definitive methods. One may admit that French and German have fairly warranted the proud title applied to them by President Woodrow Wilson when he hailed "the new humanities." But the case for the varied and crowded curriculum, whether in the college or secondary school, is not yet completely convincing.

In any event, the theory that either in school or college a large fund of intrinsically "valuable information" may be imparted, is being seriously challenged. The doctors scoff at school physiology; engineers make little of the studies preparatory to the technical school; lawyers, we dare say, would rather have a pupil who had had his fill of Cicero and the Latin historians than one who had made a premature acquaintance with the common law. In fact, no one who proceeds to a specialty is likely to set a high value on the mere intellectual accumulations of his school and college years. There is only too much truth in the saying that what we remember is less important than what we have forgotten. It is easy to see that in the apparent drudgery of memorizing declensional forms, and in the mere exercise of rearticulating the words of a Latin period into an English sentence, the youthful mind learns to act cleanly, to deal, in short, uncompromisingly with the inexorable.

It should be noted, however, that if we are to witness a renaissance of classical studies, teachers of Greek and Latin will have to do their part. The present age is not likely to admit a monopoly of disciplinary value in any two branches of learning. The partial supersession of the classics has been due to the fact that classicists rested on authority and tradition, and failed to demonstrate that the old discipline had lost none of its validity through the new ascendency of the natural sciences. The evident desire on the part of scientists for a revival of a more severe mental training should be a Macedonian call to despondent classicists in school and college. If they will lead the way towards practical humanism, as opposed to heterogeneity, they will not lack a following.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

The second annual report of the Henry Phipps Institute for the Study, Treatment, and Prevention of Tuberculosis—a document of some four hundred and fifty pages—contains much matter that is of interest to layman as well as physician. The report is based on the observation of 885 new cases. Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, the director, lays much stress on the fact which, though not novel, cannot be over-emphasized, that tuberculosis is produced by the artificial conditions of life indoors. "Of all diseases," he says, "tuberculosis more than any other is a house disease. It is implanted in the house, develops in the house, and it matures in the house." The first step, therefore, in the task of prevention is to provide proper houses, both to work in and to live in. Light and ventilation for shops and factories is a subject which has already been fully discussed. Dr. Flick is more concerned for the moment over the question whether private houses or apartments are more likely to be nurseries for the disease. His conclusion is that apartment houses (including those of all grades), "as they have been built in the past," are undoubtedly a more serious source of danger than private houses. Cleanliness, ventilation, drainage, comfort, and convenience he enumerates as the factors which count most for health;

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and, he adds, a "greater amount of comfort, convenience, and sanitation is procurable with the money at the command of a laboring man in an apartment house than in a private house, provided apartment houses are built with these objects in view, and not for the mere purpose of making money for the landlord."

This last proviso brings us face to face with one of the gravest of problems —that of securing a sufficient number of tenements built primarily for promoting health rather than returning income on investment. Dr. Flick himself suggests no way out of the difficulty. Obviously, in cities like New York or Philadelphia, or even in smaller places like Providence or Buffalo, the bulk of the laboring population must, for a long time to come, be forced into houses which are constructed as mere business ventures. So far as we can look into the future, "model" tenements, built by private capital, can at best be scarcely more than a drop in the bucket. Stringent building laws may accomplish something; but when the landlord has his eye first of all on gain, he will, in spite of inspectors, "scamp" his plumbing. This is the strongest argument offered by advocates of municipal housing for the poor—that the only safeguard against tuberculosis and other maladies is a landlord who can and will set sanitation above everything else.

The troubles of the indigent consumptive are aggravated by certain other conditions on which Dr. Flick dwells. The sufferer is inevitably compelled to seek the most wretched and unwholesome of all the tenements. A man who is coughing and manifestly breaking down is so objectionable to neighbors that landlords want to get rid of him. This is generally easy enough, for the tuberculous laborer can earn but little; he is often without money on rent-day; and he has no alternative but to get out. Thus it is that only the houses which do not rent well are open to poverty-stricken consumptives; and these unhappy people "circulate in the worst and most unsanitary houses, and infect each house into which they move."

The symptoms of tuberculosis are not at all well understood by the inexpert, or indeed by many physicians. At first the malady does not greatly discommode its victims. The average physician does not recognize tuberculosis in a stage earlier than that in which tissue has been destroyed; in all probability he is rarely consulted in an earlier stage. This earlier stage may be found in cases diagnosed as "stomach trouble, neurasthenia, malaria, and many undefined conditions passing current under some convenient name which means nothing." Indeed, Dr. Flick makes the round assertion: "The probabilities are that all people who are considerably below normal weight for their height are so on account of dormant tuberculosis." On the other hand, though the tuberculous subject is by tradition emaciated, nearly one-half the patients who apply at the Phipps Institute are recorded as looking well. "It is surprising," says Dr. Flick, "how advanced a tuberculous subject may be and yet retain the appearance of physical well-being." The symptom which is most frequently misunderstood and misinterpreted, even by physicians, is that of cough. According to Dr. Flick, "tuberculosis of the lungs in itself does not produce much cough, and [as his tables show] may be entirely free from cough." Moreover, tubercle bacilli are not found in the sputum until the disease has gone beyond incipiency; and even when the tissue has begun to break down, the bacilli are not always in evidence.

As to treatment, this second report adds but little to what was said in the first about nourishing food, rest, and fresh air. These are the three luxuries which the poor are unable to command. Under the goad of necessity they neglect the disease until it has made such headway that it has begun to incapacitate them. The huge undertaking, then, that confronts those who have enlisted for the stamping out of tuberculosis is to persuade people to consult physicians in regard to all symptoms that are not those of acute and brief illness; to teach physicians to recognize the early phases of the disease; and to furnish for the imperilled poor a supply of nourishing food and good housing on a scale hitherto unknown.

THE MOST VALUABLE AMERICAN-PRINTED BOOK.

The most valuable American-printed book, which has long been sought after, but of which no copy has hitherto been known to exist in recent times, has, true to prophecy, at last come to light. This is no less than the first printed collection of the laws of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, issued from the press of Matthew Day at Cambridge, in 1648. After years of fruitless search by students and bibliographers, a copy has now turned up in a small private library in England and has been purchased by Dodd, Mead & Co. of this city. The title of this book, beside which the famous "Bay Psalm Book" is, in point of rarity, a common volume, and in point of historical interest far inferior, is in full, as follows:

The | Book Of General | Lauues And Libertyes | Concerning The Inhabitants Of The Massachusets | Collected Out Of The Records Of The General Court | For The Several Years Wherin They Were Made | And Established, | And now revised by the same Court and disposed into an Alphabetical order | and published by the same Authoritie in the General Court | held at Boston the fourteenth of the | first month Anno | 1647. | VVhosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, | and they that resist receive to themselves damnation. Romanes 13.2. | [Ornament] Cambridge. | Printed according to order of the General Court. | 1648. | And are to be solde at the shop of Hezekiah Usher | in Boston |

No other "lost" book has been more zealously hunted for. Such special investigators as George H. Moore, William H. Whitmore, and Dr. Samuel A. Green have ransacked all contemporary writings, manuscript and printed, in search of data concerning it. When the city of Boston published in facsimile the collections of laws of 1660 and 1672, with the intermediate session laws, Mr. Whitmore, record commissioner of the city, and a recognized authority on matters relating to antiquities of Boston, prepared an accompanying "Bibliographical Sketch of the Laws of Massachusetts Colony from 1630 to 1686." In this he devotes thirty-four pages to the discussion of this first printed collection and to transcripts of contemporary statements concerning it. He even succeeded in building up (from citations) a fairly exact table of contents; but he failed in the very vital matter of the date. He speaks throughout of "The Code of 1649."

The story of this first printed law book is most interesting. After congratulating the colonists that in New England the church and the civil state had been "planted and growne up (like two twinnes) together like that of Israel in the wildernes," the editors, or compilers, go on to tell something of the origin of the book:

For this end about nine years since wee used the help of some of the Elders of our Churches to compose a modell of the Iudiciall lawes of Moses with such other cases as might be referred to them, with intent to make use of them in composing our lawes, but not to have them published as the lawes of this Jurisdiction: nor were they voted in Court. For that book intitled *The Liberties, &c:* published about seven years since (which conteines also many lawes and orders both for civil & criminal causes, and is commonly (though without ground) reported to be our Fundamentalls that wee owne as established by Authoritie of this Court, and that after three years experience & generall probation: and accordingly we have inserted them into this volume under the severall heads to which they belong yet not as fundamentalls, for divers of them have since been repealed, or altered, and more may justly be (at least) amended heerafter as further experience shall discover defects or inconveniences for *Nihil simul natum et perfectum.* The same must we say of this present Volume, we have not published it as a perfect body of laws sufficient to carry on the Government established for future time, nor could it be expected that we should promise such a thing. . . .

These Lawes which were made successively in divers former years, we have reduced under severall heads in an alphabeticall method, that so they might the more readilye be found, & that the divers lawes concerning one matter being placed together the scope and intent of the whole and of every of them might the more easily be apprehended: we must confesse we have not been so exact in placing every law under its most proper title as we might, and would have been: the reason was our hasty indeavour to satisfie your longing expectation, and frequent complaints for want of such a volume to be published in print: wherin (upon every occasion) you might readily see the rule which you ought to walke by.

The manuscript "book intitled The Liberties &c. published about seven years since," referred to in this Preface, was the first body of laws drawn up and adopted for the Colony. It had been composed, mainly at least, by the Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich, the author of the famous book, 'The Simple Cobbler of Agawam.' This famous "Body of Liberties" was not printed, but transcripts were made for the use of the various officials requiring them.

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The records of the General Court, under date of December 10, 1641, contain the following entry:

Mr. Deputy Endicot, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Hawthorne are authorized to get nineteen Copies of the Laws, Liberties and the forms of oaths transcribed by their several hands, and none to be authentic but such as they subscribe, etc.

No one of these nineteen certified transcripts seems to have come down to our day, but a contemporary copy, which formerly belonged to Elisha Hutchinson, is now in the library of the Boston Athenæum.

It is a curious fact that, though this first Law Book of 1648 had itself been so completely lost, the exact number of leaves in the volume, the number of copies printed, and the cost of the printing and paper for the edition have long been known. This information was discovered in some papers relating to a suit by the heirs of Jesse Glover, who had brought the first press to America, but who died on the passage over. This suit was against President Dunster of Harvard, who had married Glover's widow, and who for fifteen years was the actual owner and manager of the press. This entry reads as follows:

The Law Book, 17 sheets, 600 copies, using 21 reams of paper. Sold at 17 pence a book, £42 10s. The printing cost £15 16s. 3d., and the paper £5 5s.

Now, an examination of the book shows that this record as to its size is correct. It is made up of signatures A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, each 4 leaves, and probably I, 2 leaves, in all 68 leaves, consisting of: Title, p. [i]; blank, p. [ii]; Preface, pp. [iii-iv]; text, with heading "The Book of the General Lauues and Libertyes concerning, &c.," pp. 1-59, blank, p. [60], followed, probably, by the Table, 2 leaves, not in this copy. The margins in this copy are entirely uncut; the leaf measures 12x7⅛ inches.

Although, as is shown by the printer's statement quoted above, six hundred copies of this Law Book of 1648 were printed, it soon became scarce. The Preface to the edition of 1660 begins:

The Book of Lawes, of the first Impression, not being to be had for the supply of the Country, put us upon thoughts of a second.

Some explanation of this scarcity may perhaps be found in a petition to the General Court of Richard Russell, Treasurer of the Colony, dated the 22d day of the third month, 1651:

Whereas By ye Courts Incoradgment I purchased ye Last printed Law Bookes, and by reason of ye Courts Alternation of summe things in those bookes made them unvendible Insomuch that your petitioner Lost above Tenn pounds, a great pt. Turned to wast pap'r and many of them Burnt, your Petitioner desires this Court would Tenderly Consider ye same, etc.

Mr. Whitmore thought this referred to the first volume, called by him the "Code of 1649." After various calculations he made the deduction that "it will be safe to say that at least one-quarter of the edition [of six hundred copies] was destroyed before A.D., 1651." From the expression "ye Last printed Law Bookes," I think, however, that Russell must have referred to the volume of supplemental laws, which was printed in 1650, and which I shall refer to later.

While there are a considerable number of laws in the 1660 collection which are not found in the 1648 volume, only one law of those promulgated in 1648 seems to have been repealed before 1660. This is the law aginst Ana-Baptists, which was passed in 1644. The last paragraph only, somewhat modified, appears in the 1660 volume, under the head of "Heresy."

In the 1648 volume the laws proper end in the middle of page 55, the lower part of this page, and pages 56-59 are filled with various forms of oaths, declarations, etc., for the use of the various officers, headed "Presidents and Forms of things frequently asked." These are practically the same as those of the 1660 edition, except that the 1660 volume contains three additional forms. One form only, that for the auditor-general, is found in the 1648 book, and not in that of 1660.

This volume of the "Lawes and Libertyes" of 1648 is not the only lost law-book of the Massachusetts Colony Besides certain single-leaf "Capitall Laws," probably broadsides, Mr. Whitmore has made out from the records that the laws passed at the intermediate sessions of the General Court were printed as three supplements to this first book. The first of these was undoubtedly printed in 1650, and included laws passed during the latter part of 1648, 1649, and a few earlier laws which had been thrown out by the editors of the first printed compilation, but which were afterwards incorporated in the general body of laws. The second of these supplements, including new laws passed during 1651, 1652, and 1653, was sent to the press in accordance with a resolution dated May 3, 1654. A third supplement, covering the laws of 1654, 1655, 1656, and 1657, was undoubtedly printed in 1657. No copy of any one of these three supplements, which were probably thin pamphlets of a few leaves each, is now known to exist. The earliest printed volume heretofore known is the second compilation, that of 1660, in which the laws of the four earlier books were collected, rearranged, and occasionally altered in their wording.

In 1641 there was printed anonymously in London a small quarto volume having the title: "An Abstract of the Lawes of New England as they are now established." This is not what it purports to be. It is a series of ecclesiastical laws drawn up by John Cotton, and very probaby the "copy of Moses his judicials, compiled in an exact method," which by previous request, Cotton presented to the General Court on October 25, 1636. They were never adopted, but instead the larger compilation drawn up by Nathaniel Ward, the "Body of Liberties," was adopted in 1641. L. S. L.

THE COMMISIONERSHIP OF EDUCATION

Dr. William Torrey Harris has retired after seventeen years of service as United States Commissioner of Education, and Prof. Elmer Ellsworth Brown of the University of California is appointed his successor. Below are discussions of the importance of the office, the personality of the two men, and their contributions to education:

The office of Commissioner of Education has never before commanded so great a man as Dr. Harris. Before his coming, the place was rather obscure and unimportant. Probably no one thought that the bureau might be raised to prominence and power. The salary, until lately, was ridiculously small, and even now it is considerably less than is paid a number of State and city superintendents of schools. The Government has never treated the office with deserved respect. The disposition of matters that should naturally be in charge of the bureau is an example in point. Philippine school affairs are managed by the War Office; Indian education is a separate organization; agricultural instruction is carried on without reference to the bureau. Inadequate financial support has still further retarded the expansion of the bureau into a national clearing house of educational experience. With the right attitude on the part of the Government, the bureau, with Dr. Harris as its chief, could have been converted, without interference with jealously guarded local prerogatives, into a powerful lever for educational improvement throughout the United States.

Dr. Harris owes nothing to the bureau. His reputation here as well as abroad was solidly established long before he took the office; in fact, he had won a place in the history of American education, in line with Thomas Jefferson, Horace Mann, and Col. Francis Wayland Parker. He is the most commanding figure in the educational field to-day. Neither England nor France nor even Germany, the home of pedagogy, has as great an intellect at work in the philosophical elaboration of the fundamental problems. Jefferson was the first to organize for American education an ideal plan, which is to-day most fully alive, perhaps, in the State of Michigan. Horace Mann announced the basal principles of the common school. Parker was a force which broke the yoke of traditional and Europe-bred scholasticism, and inaugurated methods in harmony with democracy. Harris has laid the foundation for an American philosophy of education. As a preparation, a mastery of Germany's achievements and of the history of philosophy was an absolute necessity.

In the future the study of philosophy inspired and developed by Dr. Harris in his St. Louis days will be more adequately recognized than it is now as an influence in the intellectual life of America. Never were the history and the thought of Hellas, and the philosophic writings of Kant, Hegel, and Fichte, studied with keener zest; never did Homer and Dante and Goethe appeal more strongly to the leaders of an American community. "Spiritual interpretation of the universe" was the watchword. Gradually the speculative study of education was lifted into prominence. School teaching ceased to be regarded as a mere stepping-stone to something else, and a biding place for those unwilling to do manual work and not qualified for higher intellectual pursuits. The best minds were enlisted in the cause. The belief spread that the highest service to humanity was the bringing up of young men. Under the new dispensation Col. Parker was enabled to win victories for the "New Education," and William James, G. Stanley Hall, and John Dewey to find eager disciples. The Herbartians might never have arrived at their own creed and certainly would not

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have found a receptive audience if Harris had not been a preacher in the wilderness. The philosophic circle of St. Louis gave birth to similar clubs in other cities. Some of its outgrowths were the Kant Club of Denver, the Goethe studies at Milwaukee, and the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

When failing health compelled Dr. Harris to give up his educational position at St. Louis, he became a lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy. His addresses upon education, especially his criticisms of new theories, soon attracted attention to him as an authority. When President Harrison appointed him as commissioner of education, there was general satisfaction. A man had been chosen whose expert judgment commanded the respect of the world. To the credit of Harrison it should be said that the appointment was not influenced by political considerations, and that in fact he knew Harris had not voted for him. At once, the bureau began to attract attention. Visitors from Europe, Latin-America, Polynesia, and the Orient came to America for light, and Washington was the first place they visited in search of information.

The commissioner's range of interests was marvellously wide. Dr. Harris is a versatile scholar. Latin and Greek are his great joy. He is especially fond of mediæval Latin hymns. "I live by them," he said lately in a private conversation. He has few equals in familiarity with Oriental languages, literature, and customs. A Chinese laundry ticket can open the sluices of his knowledge of the variety of dialects, caligraphical usages, and historical developments of the Middle Kingdom. He is regarded as one of the two greatest living exponents of Hegel. His acquaintance with economic theories and statistics has more than once provoked him to break lances with the advocates of various Utopias. When Spencerian ideas struck America, he forthwith had a laboratory established in the rear of his house, and made a thorough study of biology and related sciences. In mathematics and astronomy, and along other lines of experimentation and pure science, he has kept in touch with new developments. He is a sound critic of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. At one time he greeted the writer on a car leaving Milwaukee, with the genial question, "What is your opinion of the Logos?" inviting and conducting a discussion which lasted a considerable time beyond our arrival in Chicago, and which had not been fully concluded when his train started for Washington.

His sympathies are as extensive and expansive as his mind. A little child in sincere search for help, a young man puzzled as to his destiny, a student on the quest for truth, can command his interest and time to almost any extent. The writer has in his possession a copy of a long letter to a small boy who had written to Dr. Harris as Commissioner of Education to find out what stories would be most interesting for boys to read. Dr. Harris tells the books he himself enjoyed when he was young, and then speaks with especial fervor of Walter Scott, whose novels, he adds, he still reads and enjoys.

Dr. Harris established the kindergarten in America as part of the common school system. He devised the first rational plan for the classification and promotion of pupils at school. He was the first to mark out the distinctive purposes and limits of elementary, secondary, and tertiary schools and to set forth their proper correlation and articulation. Never a servile follower of German schools of speculation, he has extracted from all whatever was best and has welded it with his American philosophy. Enthusiastic agitators of new ideas have sometimes called him an arch reactionist, because his calm prevision of the future puts a damper on most cherished pretensions. From history, however, he has acquired the patience to wait for things to take the turn that he is sure some day they must. And in waiting he carefully watches his opportunities to advance the cause, ever ready to sacrifice minor points for the gain of greater ones.

To my view, Harris's greatest literary contributions are his "Psychologic Foundations of Education," and his book on "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia."

OSSIAN LANG.

BERKELEY, Cal., June 25.

If any younger man can be expected to carry forward the educational movement of which Dr. Harris is the protagonist, in none, surely, may hope be more confidently reposed than in Elmer Brown.

Dr. Brown is not only a teacher of practical and successful experience—who has worked his way through all the grades of the American school system, from instructorship and principalship in the public schools to headship of an educational department in a great university—he is not only a practical teacher, but a scholar. His is not the sunperficial pedagogy of the "faddist," or the spasmodic procedure of the empiric. He has had a thorough training in philosophy and the history of it, in psychology and the perils of it, in the classics and the perennial vitality and need of them, in history and the unchanging fact of it, in modern languages and their efficiency in education, so far as it goes. He has the advantage of many professors of the incipient science of pedagogy in possessing an uncommon sum of common sense, in being a scholar, and a man among men as well as among teachers. He is an historian of education, versed in its relations to civilization and modern civil polity. His associates in the University of California have been impressed with his accuracy of information, his modesty and tact, his hospitality to ideas, and, withal, an unobtrusive persistence of purpose and an unhasting attainment of ideals. Personally, he is an eminently just and true man; kind beyond the ordinary run of men.

Professor Brown was born in 1861 at Kiantone, Chautauqua County, N. Y. His father, Russell McCrary Brown, a farmer in Kiantone, and later in Illinois, was a soldier in the Civil War. His earlier education was obtained in the public schools of northern Illinois; in 1881 he was graduated from the State Normal School of Illinois, and began his career as a teacher in Belvidere. He taught in Illinois till his matriculation in the University of Michigan. After taking the degree of A.B., in 1889, he studied at Halle, and gained his Ph.D. in the brief period of a year. In 1890 he became principal of the High School in Jackson, Mich., but was recalled to the University of Michigan the next year, as acting assistant professor of the science and art of teaching. His success in higher education was immediate. Few young men in his field could compete with him in happy combination of scholarship and experience. Consequently, when, in 1892, the Regents of the University of California were seeking an incumbent for the newly created chair of education they chose Dr. Brown. He has so managed the department as to make it one of the most important in the university and in the direction of educational affairs in the State at large. He has, of course, been a prominent member of the educational associations and councils of California. He has contributed largely to the efficiency of the California State Text-Book Committee; and has been a vital force ever since 1895 as an *ex-officio* member of the State Board of Education.

In the University he has stood for a settled policy to elevate teaching to a professional plane as high as that of law or of medicine; and to make the department of education immediately helpful, by expert service, to the varied interests of the schools of the State. In this relation to the educational system of the State Dr. Brown has done much to further a spirit of coöperation among the various departments of public schools. He has labored for State aid in the maintenance of the high schools; and for the appointment, retention, and promotion of teachers on the basis of professional fitness alone. He has also aimed at securing a better system of text-books for the lower schools.

Since 1891, Professor Brown has been an active member of the National Educational Association. In 1897 he was made a member of the more select body, known as the National Council of Education; and of that he has been president since 1905. He was a member of the Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis, and there he read a notable paper on secondary education in its relation to recent advances in psychological research. In religious organizations, too, he has performed an unobtrusive, but still executive part. He is a member of the Religious Education Association, and has been for some years a trustee of the Pacific Theological Seminary of the Congregational Church.

In his educational relation with the country at large, Dr. Brown's activities have been directed toward promoting freedom in organization and control of State school systems. He has always insisted that the prescribed studies which necessarily predominate in the earlier years of school work should be leavened in the classroom with whatever spontaneity of method teacher and pupil may jointly evolve; and that the larger freedom of election in the later years be safeguarded by the personal direction and assistance of teachers who know enough to be more than methodical or formal.

A more industrious, and at the same time original and inspiring writer on educational topics than Dr. Brown, would be hard to find in America. A list of his occasional articles, scattered through pedagogical magazines and reviews and periodicals of more general interest, would occupy about

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one-half of the space available for this notice of his career. There are monographs on all sorts of phenomena dear to the magisterial mind, from children's drawings and manual training, up to education and national character; from graduate instruction and the baccalaureate course in relation to the professional schools, and secondary instruction, all the way down to naughty boys. His book, "The Making of Our Middle Schools" (Longmans, Green & Co., 1903), is a recognized authority on the history and organization of our secondary schools. It is at once the most complete and scholarly survey of the subject that we possess, and the most seductively constructed. It actually entices one to whom the word "pedagogy" is a source of shudders. For Professor Brown has not only a keen appreciation of historical and literary values, but also an ability for historical presentation and an admirable gift of literary expression.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

GERMAN ART IN LONDON.

LONDON, June, 1906.

Apart from the big annual shows, there are, this summer, large and important exhibitions of Flemish and modern Belgian artists at the Guildhall, of early German art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, of Munich artists at the Grafton Gallery, of modern German art at Prince's, Knightsbridge, of modern Austrian art at Earl's Court. It looks as if there had been some sort of general plot to force upon the British public facilities for studying the German and kindred schools. In truth, however, it is the merest chance that these different exhibitions should be held at the same time.

As for the opportunity to study these different schools, it is by no means what might be expected from the number and size of the exhibitions. To begin with the Guildhall, unquestionably one of the most interesting of all. The historical sequence is followed with fair success from the Van Eycks, Memlings, Malense, through Rubens, Jordaens, Van Dyck, down to Alfred Stevens and Braekeleer, Jan Van Beers, and Fernand Khnopff. The Flemings are well represented, though not as well as in Bruges three years ago, while the room in which they hang is so crowded that they cannot be seen with pleasure—the last thing, however, the Morelian looks for from a picture. In comparison too little space has been reserved for Rubens and his group, nor is it easy to understand the principle on which the examples here have been chosen. But if it is unexpected to find Franz Hals among the Flemings, it is none the less a delight to see his "Young Man Playing a Guitar," lent by Earl Howe; a study so animated, so alive in its simple, straightforward realism, that Rubens's exuberant vivacity seems in comparison to have the reality only of a brilliant pose.

The modern work is disappointing. It was not possible to show very much; therefore, nothing but the very best should have had a place. There is, however, a great deal that is anything but the very best. The large historical pictures by Baron Leys, Willem Geets, De Vriendt—artists who have been of such service to Mr. Abbey and some of the English painters of history—are characteristic, though it would have been easy, surely, to find finer canvases by Leys. Two or three of the paintings by Alfred Stevens would explain his reputation, if it needed explaining—beautiful little interiors, in which the subject counts for as little as in the pictures of Ver Meer or Terborch, and all the beauty is in the color, the quality, the tone; but they suffer from having in their midst his large, flashy "Fedora," a portrait so meretricious, so vulgar even, one can only wonder how Stevens came to paint it. The modern who really stands out with most distinction is Braekeleer, not half as well known as he ought to be. From one picture, "Antwerp," you look out upon the roofs and gables and towers of the town with a woman who sits sewing at the open window of a room as bare and unadorned as her dress is poor and simple. But in this emptiness, in this simplicity, the modern painter has seen, and has made us see, as much loveliness as Ver Meer found in the detail to which too many artists to-day think they must return in search of the pictorial. It is wonderful how the gray, quiet light, the cool, restful atmosphere of the room, is suggested, though the town is seen red and brilliant; wonderful, too, how carefully everything is studied, even to the reflections in the sashes of the window opening inward. Braekeleer died all too soon. For the rest, most of the modern Belgians have been represented to greater advantage at the International.

I need say little of the show at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is restricted to early German art, and has been easier to arrange successfully than a collection that attempts, as at the Guildhall, to cover several centuries. There is no question of its importance to the student—especially the student whose interest in art is archæological. But few Primitives suffer so much from having their work displayed away from the place for which it was designed as the German. Primitives ought always to be seen in churches, or in palaces, or on the panels of old chests—that is, on the walls or objects they decorated. The early Germans never had the same feeling for beauty and grace as the early Italians; and in the cold light of museums or galleries they impress you chiefly by the clumsiness of form and line, the unrelenting realism of painters who are determined to give you Nature as they saw it, and whose models were not so apt to familiarize them with beauty as those of the Italians. Much of the early work is extremely curious, but hardly more until you come to Cranach and Dürer. A surprising portrait of a lady by Cranach shows how well the genius among these early painters could feel and express character, notwithstanding his flat modelling and the apparent joy with which he reproduced and dwelt upon every detail of an elaborate costume. The Dürer paintings are not so remarkable as the Dürer drawings: strong studies of heads, detailed designs for armor, a proposed sketch for the "Triumph of Maximilian," a most marvellous little study of a stag-beetle—all triumphs of draughtsmanship by the artist who had the respect for sound knowledge so rare nowadays when ambition would grasp the prizes of art without submitting to the apprenticeship. It is not only painter and draughtsman who have a place. The goldsmith and the jeweller, the medallist and the sculptor, are also included, and most delightfully. But the special value of the exhibition is that it should be held just in time to make possible a comparison between early German art and modern as illustrated in the three remaining exhibitions. Not one of these, to be sure, fills the great gap between Cranach and Dürer on the one side, Lenbach and Böcklin on the other. But though long years and centuries are not accounted for, it is evident that, no matter how much German art has developed, or retrograded, as you will, it has retained something of the old tendencies and character.

The exhibition at Knightsbridge undertakes to cover the entire field of modern German art. Inspired by the International, its immediate organizers are certain British artists who have sold pictures to, and received honors from, the German Government, and who have felt they should make some effort, in return, to encourage German art in England; and they have had the support of a number of more or less well-known people who believe an "Anglo-German understanding" can thus be promoted. Unhappily the enterprise was rushed through too emotionally, or too fast; and the present exhibition is not worthily representative.

There are no pictures by Menzel, nothing except a few drawings, and these cannot compete with the fine series shown by the International only a few months ago. When all is said, it is to the work of Menzel one returns from the experiments and new departures, the secessions and sensations so dear to the modern German artist—to Menzel, the supreme draughtsman, the master. He dominates German art for the better part of a century, but there is no sign, no suggestion of this domination. If you did not already know Menzel's position, the exhibition would not help you to discover it. Nor is this because only living painters are included.

There are two large pictures by Böcklin, another of the dominating figures in Germany during the last century, for if he was a Swiss by birth, if he lived mostly in Florence towards the end, the Germans seem to have adopted him as one of their own. Böcklin is hardly known, save by name, in England, and the pictures selected will only make Englishmen wonder why his name should be so great in Germany. One is the "Pietà" from the National Gallery in Berlin, theatrical in color and treatment as in sentiment; the other the "Elysian Fields" from the same gallery, an arrangement of the centaur, mermaids, nymphs, and romantic landscape that Böcklin delighted in, but without the beauty, the charm, the real splendor of his masterpieces. It is hard and sharp in color, it has not his usual dignity of composition, like the "Pietà"; it is theatrical, not dramatic, in feeling. And yet, even in Berlin, it should have been easy to secure a Böcklin that would have justified and maintained his reputation. And so with the only picture by Von Stuck, a "Procession of Bacchantes," a little group of Rubens-like figures in a fresh green landscape under a cloud-swept sky, animated, accom-

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plished, but not one of the artist's most important canvases, though decidedly worthier of him in every way than "The Fight for the Woman," now at the Grafton.

There is no painting at all by Max Klinger, and only one, a not very noteworthy portrait, by Hans Thoma. I do not think the Lenbachs can compare to the series at the Grafton—none of the portraits equalling the "Bismarck" there; nothing by Kaulbach appears; the one Leibl, a "Young Peasant," an interesting study and little more; the one Liebermann, "Flax Cleaning in Laren, Holland" (also from the National Gallery of Berlin), is a good, sound, academic performance; the Von Uhdes, both here and at the Grafton, are the familiar Scriptural subjects interpreted in modern terms, but the least pleasing in color and composition. Stronger work by Von Bartels has already been shown in London. The best things are a Whistlerian interior and London landscape by Sauter, studies of still-life by Schuch, perhaps a quiet landscape hidden away here and there; the big and powerful (to the point of brutality) equestrian portraits and studies by Wilhelm Trübner. If few of the artists are seen at their best, neither is there any of the work the Germans can do most successfully nowadays—the large paintings, like the decorations of Klinger, or such pictures as "The Flagellants" by Carl Marr, for instance—paintings that in the German exhibitions must strike any one fresh from England with the ability and energy and courage of the painters. Instead of the distinctively German work you would prefer to find, you get reëchoes of the various recent movements—impressionism, pointillisme, and so on—movements not started in Germany.

But, with all these drawbacks, the collection seems astonishingly virile and vigorous as you see it in its present quarters, while the Academy and New Gallery are still open to mark the difference. You feel that the German artists are men who have learned their trade, who are not afraid of experiment—men who are alive. But though they are ready to adventure themselves in almost any new movement, to take up enthusiastically any fad or sensation of the moment, in their work, as in that of the early Germans, you are conscious of an unrelenting realism, of a strict adherence to nature as they see it, as they find it—nature in all its crudity and clumsiness. No matter how imaginative they may be in their subjects, there is always this insistent realism in their rendering. You can see it even in the hide of Böcklin's Centaur, in the scales of his Mermaids, and their reflections in the water. Far apart as the work at the Burlington Fine Arts Club and the work at Knightsbridge are technically, in this respect they are in close sympathy, being always essentially German.

At the Grafton Gallery the show is limited to the work of Munich artists, selected and arranged by one of the principal Munich dealers. Therefore, the variety is less, while more room has been given to artists like Lenbach and Kaulbach. To go into detail would be to come to very much the same conclusions as at Prince's.

The Austrian exhibition is a small part of a big show that is a welcome excuse for a summer garden and outdoor theatre of varieties, where all London may amuse itself when the weather gives all London the chance. You carry away the impression—and it is all I have space now to record—that the Austrians plunge deeper into experiment even than the Germans, while their finer sense of beauty helps them to more careful selection and rejection in the study of Nature. They know what to leave out without any sacrifice of truth. I can only add that the Secessionists, here at least, prove that there is something more in their secession than the name, and that the group of Bohemians, especially in their sculpture, show a freshness of vision and observation for which I, certainly, was not prepared, simply because the very names of the exhibitors were unknown to me. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE TEST OF GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of May 24, I find a suggestive article, "Schools for Geniuses." You conclude by saying that, no doubt, there would be considerable difficulty in the way of the teachers at such *Sonderschulen*. True, but let me point out another—if you will, a previous—difficulty, namely: How will you select your pupils? I am strongly inclined to think that the teachers recommending such pupils would be guided by wrong principles. In Germany they would universally be guided by the pupils' *Auffassungsgabe*—that is to say, by his capacity for the acquisition of knowledge, be it of language, or history, or mathematics. In America we should be sure to hear the word *quick* in this connection—that is, the scholar must be quick to perceive and acquire what is presented to him. Now, I submit that these tests do not answer the question to which an answer is desired. For, indeed, which scholar comes nearest being a genius—the one who excels in *Auffassungsgabe*, or (what comes to nearly the same thing) who perceives and acquires quickly, on the one hand; on the other, he who thinks independently, and critically? Undoubtedly, the latter. But then, how will you test his capacity for thinking? There is the rub.

Now, I will here propose a test, which, upon due consideration will be found to serve our purpose. Ask the scholar not about Latin or Greek, or history, or mathematics, but hand him a short list of well-known proverbs, and common sayings, or parables; desire him to select one and express his opinion, concerning the truth or untruth of such saying, its validity and applicability, giving his reasons for such judgment. If at this point it should be objected that the pupil would simply repeat what he had heard others say, the answer is that we can easily guard against this by interposing questions. One more remark concerning the nature of the proverbs or sayings. Be sure to select *easy* ones, and see *how* your young athlete handles the light weight.

How many teachers have tried the plan? I can assure them that they will often be surprised at the depth of pupils who are not quick. WERNER A. STILLE.

Hanover, Germany, June 16.

Notes.

Beginning with this issue, the *Nation* will be conducted by Hammond Lamont, for six years managing editor of the *Evening Post*, and Paul Elmer More, literary editor of the same newspaper. The aim will be to hold the *Nation* to the standards and principles with which it has been identified.

It is just six years since we reviewed Mr. John M. Robertson's "Short History of Free Thought, Ancient and Modern" (Putnams). The title is still retained, though the work has expanded into two volumes in the second edition now before us. A leading defect has thus undoubtedly been repaired, but we cannot pursue the particular changes that have been made.

The Francis D. Tandy Co.'s "Gettysburg Edition" of the supplemented Nicolay and Hay's "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln" proceeds with vols. v. and vi., and for the first time really justifies its catch-title by printing a facsimile of the Gettysburg speech from the original draft. Lincoln's portraits are evidently now becoming scarce, and the quality of the introductions is not improved by McKinley's having been drawn upon for a formless and platitudinous eulogy.

Of all Edward FitzGerald's works we ourselves return least frequently to his versions from the Spanish stage. They are, as a whole, too sombre and painful, however enlivened here and there by humor and good intercalated verse. Still, one may be glad to have the "Eight Dramas of Calderon" in the original handy Macmillan form. It will save searching in a general collection, and can be comfortably held in the hand.

A new edition of Sir Walter Armstrong's pocket life of Gainsborough has been called for (Dutton), and justly.

Sara Coleridge's translation of the Chevalier Bayard's "Right Joyous and Pleasant History," and the "Travels of Mungo Park," are very acceptable additions to the Newnes-Scribner handy volumes so tasteful in their bindings. The Park has the more open letter-press.

From Messrs. Scribner we receive the sixteenth revised edition of Baedeker's "The Rhine" and the sixth of "Great Britain." Tourists need but the bare announcement.

We can give nothing more to the second edition of Lewis F. Day's "Alphabets, Old and New" (London: Batsford; New York: Scribners). It is an instructive compendium of examples from all ages and on many materials, together with some recent designs by the author himself and others. Partial alphabets have freely been eked out in the spirit of the extant letters. This will at least save trouble to the craftsman.

Accustomed as we are to the perennial flow from Canon Rawnsley, it still gives one a little shock to receive from his publishers (Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan) three volumes at once on that favorite garden which he cultivates so incessantly and intensively. Two of them, however, are quickly seen to

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be old acquaintances with a new face, viz., "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," over twelve years old. The third is a fresh product of the Canon's ingenuity, "Months at the Lakes"—*i. e.*, a chat for each month in the year, with pleasing photographic illustrations of scenery. Another novelty is that our worshipper of the Lake poets and Lake landscape and commingled associations forbears to drop into verse of his own. This will propitiate some. The texture of the work is quite of a piece with that of its predecessors, and is too well known to call for comment.

With some introductory notice of Milton and of his youthful "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," by Prof. G. L. Swiggett, the University Press of Sewanee, sends out that poem in a little *edition de luxe*, which opens pleasantly in the hand.

The praise which we accorded five years ago, at some length and quite analytically, to Carmichael's "In Tuscany" (London: Murray; New York: Dutton), we will not withhold from the third edition just received. It is a handsome and an entertaining book by a sympathetic and light writer.

"The Highlands and Islands: Painted by William Smith, jr., Described by A. R. Hope Moncreiff" (London: Black; New York: Macmillan) is not a very happy pendant to Mr. Moncrieff's earlier "Bonnie Scotland." It covers the remoter Highlands, West and North, to St. Kilda and the Shetlands, but its forty colored illustrations fail completely to render the glamour of that rain-steeped, sun-swept atmosphere. The subjects tend to the commonplace, and the treatment to the chromo. In part there is a lack in the needed daring—notably in some sun and mountain effects—and in part there is overmuch, as in a Whistleresque Oban Bay at night. Through the letter-press Mr. Moncrieff rambles in his wonted style, feeling, perhaps, some little lack of material. So a chapter is given to a very entertaining onslaught on Dr. Johnson as a Highland traveller, and another to a heart-breaking account of the Sutherland clearing. Such melancholy histories were not for this book, however to be remembered. The cover is very striking.

Professor Vambéry's "Western Culture in Eastern Lands" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) could easily have been reduced to half its length and been a much better book. It essays a defence of the author's known pro-British views through an elaborate statement and comparison of the methods and results of the two "culture-bearers," Russia and England, in Asia, and brings out a very good balance on the English side. His reckoning is probably correct enough, for the very defects of Russian rule in Central Asia are exactly those made very clear as existing in European Russia. Our own political system, as we have discovered, has not been made corruption-proof by transport to the Orient. A less threadbare and more puzzling subject is handled in the third part of the book, which asks what is the cause of the present backward state of the Muslim world, and whether there is any future for Islam. Even in Islam itself Professor Vambéry finds stirrings which will bring about in the future a great awakening and upset many plans. The Ottoman Empire has not known the time of its visitation, but in that empire is still some hope if its rulers could understand. For the Turk can administer; only his administration is corrupt. It is the tyranny and obscurantism of its rulers that have hindered Islam—not anything in Islam itself. Yet why such rulers were necessarily produced by Islam is not explained; and the conclusion is that, as things are, the still independent Muslim countries will have to give that independence as a price for modern civilization, and can be regenerated only under the protection and direct administration of Western Powers. This means subject races and exploitation, and is, in truth, a hard doctrine. The book is disfigured by Professor Vambéry's usual extraordinary Arabic, and by his quoting as "Koran" all sorts of traditions from Muhammad which never had any connection with the Koran.

The Clarendon Press of Oxford (New York: H. Frowde) has just issued in English translation the second volume of Professor Suess's "Das Antlitz der Erde" ("The Face of the Earth"), dealing principally with the physics of past and present oceanic basins and the all-important geological topics of elevation and subsidence. This excellent translation, for which the student is indebted to Hertha Sollas of Newnham College, Cambridge, and to Prof. W. J. Sollas of Oxford, is fully worthy of the original work, which it now brings directly to the English-speaking geologist, and fittingly supplements the earlier volume, which has already been noticed in these columns. Although the better part of twenty years has elapsed since the appearance of the German work, it still remains the foundation for modern thought in geology.

A more careful obituary notice than ordinary fills the regulation place in the July issue of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. The subject is the late Robert C. Winthrop, jr., a man of great charm of character, but who did not seek the public ways trod by his eminent father, of whom he became the biographer. Lacking the pecuniary incentive to produce, he accepted a "life flowing full without a plan." An English correspondent points out a new and important source of genealogical information soon to be exploited. It proceeds from early seventeenth-century political and religious persecution, the proceedings being held and recorded in the courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. Many of the remonstrants eventually came to this country.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for June Prof. C. Cobb describes in an interesting way, with illustrations, the chain of islands and fringing sand reefs extending along the North Carolina coast. He explains the growth of the sand dunes, largely through deforesting, by which villages have been buried, and tells how, by planting the seed of the loblolly pine, he changed in twenty years a moving sand waste into a forest. Through this means he believes that the islands could be made subtropical gardens for early fruits and vegetables, and conservative lumbering could be added to the industries of the islanders. These are not "the slothful bankers and rude wreckers pictured in song and story. They are fair women and brave men, most of whom live and do for others—life-savers, heroes." Mr. G. F. Williams, for fifteen years manager of the De Beers diamond mines, tells of the methods by which the diamonds are won from the "blue ground," and how the affinity of the stones for grease has been used in the invention of an automatic sorter. Professor Jaggar of Harvard University gives a graphic picture, with illustrations, of Mount Vesuvius as it appeared when he ascended it shortly after the eruption in April, and Mr. R. A. Harris outlines, with accompanying charts, a system of co-tidal lines for semi-daily tides throughout the world.

The most interesting part of Weld Blundell's account of his explorations in Abyssinia, in the *Geographical Journal* for June, relates to the gold washing in the Blue Nile and its tributaries. The outfit of the natives is an oblong shallow dish, a sharpened stake, a flat curved scoop like a hockey stick, a small gourd, with a string to fasten over the head and hang behind the ears, for carrying the gold nuggets, and a huge pipe also made of a gourd. The annual amount of gold exported from the principal market is estimated at $400,000. The industry is traced back to early days. Prof. Scott Elliot advocates a systematic inquiry into the resources of the British Empire through surveys which should ascertain and map the character of the vegetation of the different colonies, and through a catalogue of all the Government documents and valuable literature dealing with them. The paper, when read before the Royal Geographical Society, provoked an animated and suggestive discussion which is given in full. From an examination of standard atlases, school geographies and guidebooks, Mr. R. A. Daly of Ottawa shows the lamentable lack of uniformity and confusion in the nomenclature of the North American Cordillera, between the 47th and 53d parallels of latitude. He prefers Cordillera and, as the best alternative, "The Pacific Mountain System."

"The Territorial Development of the European Colonies," by Dr. A. Supan, editor of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, has recently been published by J. Perthes. It is noteworthy as being the first attempt to write the world history of colonization in chronological order. The different periods into which the work is divided are the Spanish-Portuguese, 1492-1598; the Dutch, 1598-1670; the French-English, 1670-1783; the English-American, 1783-1876; the European-American, 1876-1900. The narrative is accompanied by an historical atlas, and there are forty maps in the text.

Professor Rhys's paper on the "Celtic Inscriptions of France and Italy," read before the British Academy on May 23, is to all intents and purposes a continuation of his "Celtæ and Galli," read before the same learned body twelve months ago. It embodies the results of investigations which the Professor undertook on the spot, and covers nearly the whole domain of the Celtic inscriptions of the Continent. He has examined about forty in all, some a mere name, some (*e. g.*, the Coligny Calendar and the Rom "defixiones") containing a fair number of words. The collation of these latter with previous readings (those of Dissard for the first, of Jullian for the second) has brought to light some inaccuracies, but none of such importance as to upset his interpretation in the main, or to lead him to believe with D'Arbois de

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Jubainville that the documents are Ligurian rather than Celtic.

We lately received a copy of the Inaugural Lecture of H. E. Egerton, the Oxford professor of Colonial History (H. Frowde). The chair, which he is the first to fill, was founded not long since by Mr. Beit, and would seem to be the logical complement of the scheme of the Rhodes trustees. His lucid address was a statement of the claims of the study of Colonial History in the University of Oxford. He urges it not so much for the sake of research, as for its bearing on current questions, *e. g.*, compulsory arbitration, the legal minimum wage, Chinese labor, and tariff reform.

—Edmund Gosse contributes to the *Atlantic* a fifteen-page appreciation of Ibsen, whom he couples with Nietzsche as representing pure intelligence in its proudest and most independent form among men of the second half of the nineteenth century. Sprung from an impoverished and remote civilization, dwelling among a people "suffering from that radical inaptitude for receiving the truth which comes from knowing too much and yet not enough," he was like a man in a lunatic asylum devoting his whole energy to the task of keeping his own sanity intact in the midst of a world of illusion and absurdity. Mr. Gosse finds in him many affinities with Euripides, "the agitator of the people," as interpreted by Dr. Verrall, and surmises that his attitude of bitter revolt, in some of its manifestations, would have presented matchless opportunities for ridicule if Christiania in the seventies had had an Aristophanes among the defenders of the old ideas. The determinist, it is suggested, may well find reason to question the sufficiency of his formula in the character of Ibsen, turning doubt and despondency into the props of his youth, according to his own declaration, and developing not in comformity with, but in unceasing resistance to, the motives acting upon him. The failure of the two great Anglo-Saxon countries to assume towards Ibsen the attitude of appreciation long since manifested by other civilized communities, Mr. Gosse assigns to two causes: one that his moral anger cannot be understood by those who have grown up under the influence of the dominant Anglo-Saxon optimism, and the other that we tolerate the stage only as a place of physical amusement and hence do not realize that anything seen at the play, or written for it, can be serious or intellectual.

—The aim of *Scribner's* this month is to entertain rather than instruct or convince, the one noticeable exception being a paper on Glasgow by Frederick C. Howe, who seeks, of course, to turn the successfully managed municipal industries of the Scotch city into an argument for similar methods in American cities. Here, as in his recent book, Mr. Howe presumes too much on his belief that the exorbitant profits of public service franchises in private hands constitute the only seriously important corrupting force in city government. The leading illustrated articles of the number are by Ernest C. Peixotto and Edward Penfield, the former dealing in a general way with Dalmatia and the latter selecting a little village of Holland for more intimate presentation. In his references to the earlier history of Dalmatia Mr. Peixotto passes over one point not unworthy of mention in such an article, the fact that it was in a campaign against the Dalmatians that Asinius Pollio accumulated the fortune which enabled him to open a library to the public in Rome and to set himself up thereafter as a liberal patron of letters and literary men. The third paper in the "Railways of the Future" series describes the projected transcontinental system of Canada. Friends of "Bob and the Guides" will read "The Perfect Tribute," by Mary R. S. Andrews, with some surprise. One cannot avoid a strong desire to know just how much historic basis there is for the minute details of the Lincoln incident which she relates.

—In the July *Century*, John L. Cowan describes a method of soil-culture destined to play perhaps as great a part as irrigation in the development of the semi-arid regions of the West. "Dry farming," as it is called, consists in such mechanical preparation of the soil as will hold and utilize the small amount of rain which does fall. With implements specially adapted to the work, the sub-soil is finely pulverized and firmly compacted, thus becoming a good bed for the retention of moisture. The surface soil, on the other hand, is kept finely pulverized and loose, acting as a kind of mulch to let the rain and melting snow through to the sub-soil easily, and retain it there. This preparation is, of course, excellent for the roots of growing crops, aside from its special relation to the dry climate, and extensive experiments have shown that regions with an annual rainfall of not more than twelve inches have produced as bounteous crops under this system as with irrigation. Professor Bailey, of the Cornell College of Agriculture, applies the statistical method on a small scale to the question, Why boys leave the farm, presenting tabulated replies to inquiries submitted to students from farming communities in Cornell University. The substance of these replies may be simmered down to the two objections, that farm life is dull, and offers no road to great financial success. Of genuine literary interest is a paper by Julia Scott Vrooman on the friendship between Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau, the old restaurant-keeper of Monterey, who kindly allowed liberal extracts to be made from his rich treasure of Stevenson letters. Perhaps the most piquant quotation is a balancing of the English, "hypocrites, good stout, reliable friends, dishonest to the root, and fairly decent to women," over against the French, "free from hypocrisy, incapable of friendship, fairly honest, and rather indecent to women."

—Mr. Howells is never an inconsiderable part of a number of *Harper's*, but an appreciation by Mark Twain, in addition to the usual twofold contribution from his own pen, makes him inevitably the leading feature of the July number. For forty years Mr. Clemens has found his English a continual delight and astonishment, notable for its clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing. The attempt to rewrite a passage of Howells and reproduce its compactness he compares to the case of a man whose trunk has been packed by a woman; he can get the things out of it, but he can never put them all back. Naturally, the reader looks for his opinion of Mr. Howells as a humorist: "I do not think any one else can play with humorous fancies so gracefully and delicately and deliciously as he does. . . . His is a humor which flows softly all around, about, and over and through the mesh of the page, pervasive, refreshing, and health-giving, and makes no more show and no more noise than does the circulation of the blood." In those artifices which authors are forced to employ to give a natural setting to a scene or conversation, he finds in Howells a pleasing contrast to writers who overdo their "stage directions," and "spend so much time and take up so much room in telling us how a person said a thing and how he looked and acted when he said it, that we get tired and vexed and wish he hadn't said it at all." Mr. Howells's English paper for the month deals with Bradford-on-Avon, with its eighth-century Saxon chapel and its old stone cottages, handing down from generation to generation an inheritance of colds in the head as unbroken as their other traditional appurtenances. "How rheumatism must run riot among the joints of age in the very beds and chimney-corners! Better, it sometimes seemed, the greatest ugliness ever devised by a Yankee carpenter in dry and comfortable wood than the deadly beauty of such dwellings." The Easy Chair satirizes in its own way the recent attempt to prescribe a certain manner of dress as a prerequisite to appearance at the dining-table of a New York innkeeper.

Among the theatrical novelties promised for next season there are few which will be awaited with more hopeful expectation than "The Hypocrites," the new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, which will be presented in the Hudson Theatre in this city early in September. For some reason or other Mr. Jones has been treated with scant justice by many contemporary critics, who have been more eager to dwell upon his defects—his tendency to preach, dogmatize, or exaggerate, for instance—than to recognize his many excellences as a potent satirist, a good story-teller, and a composer of humorous or witty dialogue. His latest piece is reputed to be a companion play to "The Liars," which is one of the cleverest comedies of modern times.

A discussion has been started in some of the English newspapers as to whether the British public is or is not prejudiced against American plays. The excuse for it is the comparative failure of "The Lion and the Mouse," which has been so successful in this city. Of course, the public here, there, or anywhere else, cares nothing about the nationality of any play. It is governed entirely by the impression of the moment. Plenty of American plays and players have succeeded in England; and plenty of English plays, including some very poor specimens, have been exceedingly prosperous here. About the cool reception extended to "The Lion and the Mouse" and "Shore Acres" there is very little mystery. The former dealt with conditions, types, and interests perfectly familiar to American audiences, but little known, and therefore, in a measure, insignificant, in London, while the play itself, apart from its main purpose and subject,

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was not a particularly good one. In its earlier scenes, indeed, it was both lame and feeble. As for "Shore Acres," it was so deformed and transfigured that it might, with almost as much propriety, have been called a Dutch play as an American.

George Alexander has assigned all his American and Canadian rights in Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" to H. B. Irving. It seems probable, therefore, that Mr. Irving will include that piece in his repertory when he comes to this country next fall.

Paul Souchon's pastoral play, "Le Dieu Nouveau," which has just been produced at Champigny, in France, appears to be a strange composition. A brief synopsis of it is as follows: The gods of Olympus have been hunted out of Hellas, and have taken refuge in Provence. Some shepherds have seen them there, and Apollo with the nine muses is in a smiling valley near the little white town of Arles. Apollo appeals to the shepherds to protect them against the new God, the God of the Nazarenes, and against his doctrine, which is, says Apollo, destructive of joy, liberty, and love. But Lazarus and Magdalen come to Provence and hound the Gods out of Arles again. The people of Arles take the part of the shepherds, and Apollo would have lost his life but for the appeal for mercy which Magdalen makes for him. Conquered by the new God, Apollo disappears into exile, and waits for his revenge.

After a career of thirty years as an operatic tenor, Hermann Winkelmann bade farewell to the stage a few weeks ago at Vienna, where he had been a member of the Imperial Opera for twenty-three years. His numerous admirers prepared a great ovation for him, and in thanking them he promised to reappear occasionally in the concert hall—a foolish promise, for if his voice is no longer good enough for opera, it certainly cannot be satisfactory on the concert stage, where he will lack the accessories which enable an operatic tenor to atone in part for vocal shortcomings by excellent acting. Americans who have heard Winkelmann in recent years say that he usually sang atrociously in the first act of an opera, better in the second, and superbly in the third, when his vocal cords were, so to speak, thoroughly limbered.

Like Albert Niemann (who is still living) Winkelmann has been renowned for his histrionic gifts quite as much as for his singing. Wagner chose him to impersonate Parsifal when his last opera was first performed at Bayreuth. Other Wagner rôles in which he has been famous are Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, Siegmund, Rienzi, and Tristan. He also has had few equals as Florestan in Beethoven's opera, and as the Prophet, Otello, and Merlin in the operas of Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Goldmark. His birthplace was Braunschweig. He was "discovered" by a writer, Hugo Wittmann, who persuaded him to cultivate his fine voice. After singing for some years at Hamburg and elsewhere he made his home in Vienna, where he became the idol of a special cult. There was also a Reichmann cult, and whenever both the tenor and the baritone appeared in the same opera there was sure to be abundant applause, as each coterie, tried to outdo the other. New Yorkers had a chance to hear Winkelmann when Theodor Thomas brought him over, with Materna and Saria, for his great Wagner Festival.

When Edvard Grieg was made a Mus. Doc. at Oxford, the other day, one of England's leading musicians, Sir Hubert Parry, made a Latin speech, in course of which he said: "How great and how individual the beauty of his songs! The force and grace of expression, the sweetness of sound, the exquisiteness of their representation touch the innermost chords of the human heart, and by merely touching them make men stronger and better. There is no lyric bard who has to such an extent won at once the admiration of the critic and the love of the public." Let anyone who doubts, get volume iv. of the Grieg Album in the Peters edition, and see for himself. The eight songs in this volume were written by Grieg in ten days, at a white heat of inspiration, to words by the peasant-poet Vinje. No set of songs quite equal to this has ever been created except Schubert's "Winter-journey," the musical "Book of Job." Of indescribable charm also are Grieg's "Ragna" and "Ragnhild," which he had on his second London programme—simple as folksongs, yet every bar a bar of gold.

Regarding the causes which led to Mozart's early death, a number of interesting details are given in a recent number of the Paris *Revue Médicale*, which is printing a series of articles in which the maladies of famous men of the past are studied in the light of modern medical science. On the strength of the death certificate, it is commonly assumed that Mozart died of inflammation of the membranes of the brain. Dr. J. Barraud of Bordeaux, however, shows conclusively that what he succumbed to was Bright's disease. As a boy of six, Mozart, though healthy, was delicate and very nervous; he would almost faint at the sound of a trumpet. At the same age he had scarlet fever, and three years later, typhoid, with a relapse. During the time he ought to have devoted to convalescence, he worked hard, writing six symphonies and as many sonatas. In 1767, he had smallpox in a virulent form; during nine days he was almost blind. In 1781 he was again weakened by a persistent attack of influenza. The body which he brought to the great tasks of the last years of his life was so feeble that he fainted on the slightest provocation and had to take to his bed. Poverty compelled him to add overwork to the causes which undermined his health. When the success of "The Magic Flute" promised to improve his financial resources it was too late; the mischief was done; any slight accident upset his brain. Hallucinations were frequent during the last month of his life; his hands and feet were swollen, and he was pitiably pale and emaciated. Dr. Barraud thus sums up the case: "Overwork, constant feeling of exhaustion, direst distress. Mozart is used up at the age of thirty-five; all his vital force is gone, and now he is seized by the disease which carries him off; rapid loss of strength, attacks of suffocation and swooning, swelling of the extremities—if that is not Bright's disease then there is no such malady."

The late W. G. Hurlstone of London is spoken of as "one who regarded music as an art to live for rather than to live by"; which would make a fine epitaph for any musician.

BENSON'S PATER.

Walter Pater. By A. C. Benson. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Mr. Benson's Pater, like his Rossetti and his FitzGerald, is one of the better of the rather uneven new additions to the useful Men of Letters Series. It is not quite an ideal biography. The ordonnance of the material is a little casual, and it was a mistake, we believe, to present an abstract of every one of Pater's essays. The texture of style, charming in the main, lacks, nevertheless, the entire *ordo concatenatioque veri*, and is a little loose and repetitious, as of a talented writer composing in too great haste with other irons in the fire. The reader does not feel that the heart of Pater's mystery is finally plucked out. Yet as a whole the volume is a most agreeable piece of writing and is generally adequate both on the personal and on the critical side.

The singular inwardness of Pater's life is shown anew in the fact that while Mr. Benson has consulted all of his author's surviving friends and relatives—he gives a formidable list of them in his preface—he has discovered no new incidents of importance in the development of that composed, self-centred career, and has adduced few hints of temperament and intimations of character beyond those already cited by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Sharp, and other writers. Nevertheless, there is a touch of fresh picturesqueness in Mr. Benson's pen portrait of Pater, and it has several marks of distinction from those of other writers who have found it hard to refrain from trying to make him look the part of the Cyrenaic. Mr. Benson concedes him the "Japanese" look, the complexion as of old ivory, the air of world-wearied languor which have always figured in accounts of his person, and he grants that "he had a slight stoop, and dragged one foot slightly, advancing with a certain delicacy." But he calls to mind that he was "broad-shouldered, strongly built, sturdy, and gave the impression of soundness and toughness of constitution," and that his "low, deferential voice, his shy smile, the delicate phrasing of his sentences, and his obvious interest in the temperament of his companion gave the feeling of great and sincere humility."

Of the few fresh anecdotes which Mr. Benson has collected, one or two are of some significance. Thus, we are told that Pater once said: "I admire Poe's originality and imagination, but I cannot read him in the original, he is so rough; I read him in Baudelaire's translation." And that singular love of ceremony which was the life-long trait of the author of "Marius" comes out vividly in Mr. Benson's account of the delight which Pater had in his office of Dean, a purely honorary post, having as its only duty the presenting of men for their degrees, but giving the holder a dignified stall, "that on the extreme right on the decani side, next to the altar—the stall dignified by an especial canopy and an exalted desk." "Sitting in this stall," says Mr. Benson, "his large, pale face, his heavy moustache and firm chin, his stoop, his

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eyes cast down on his book in a veritable *custodia oculorum*—all this was deeply impressive, and truly revealed the solemn preoccupation which he felt." He never failed to occupy his stall, we are told, both on Sunday morning and evening, and he was a strong advocate of the Sunday services being compulsory.

Of the personal isolation of Pater, Mr. Benson says pointedly: "He could be kind, courteous, considerate, and sincere; but he could not be intimate; he always guarded his innermost heart"; and Benson is the first writer on Pater to point out clearly and definitely what many of his friends were sorrowfully aware of, that while this peculiar isolation was at root a temperamental matter, it was in large measure fostered by a discordant environment. Pater had fallen on evil days.

"Oxford itself," says Mr. Benson, "which should have been the home of intellectual and artistic speculation, was crowded by a younger generation whose idea of a university was a place where, among social and athletic delights, it was possible to defer for a time the necessity of adopting practical life. The older men, those who were accepted by the academical world as men of leading, were too often men of bursarial minds who loved business and organization better than intellectual freedom. Even the keener spirits, both among the younger and older men, were of a dry and rigid type, believing in accuracy more than in ideas, in definite cumulation more than in intellectual enjoyment. In this atmosphere, Pater felt himself misunderstood and decried."

If Mr. Benson has added little that is startling to the criticism of Pater as a writer, he has, nevertheless, phrased his quality with a curious felicity. Take this, of his style:

> Indeed, the writing of Pater may best be compared to the opal. It has not the clear facets, the limpid color of the unclouded gem; but it is iridescent, rounded, shot with flashing lights, and suffused with a milky mist, of which one can hardly say whether it be near or far. It is this strange sense of depth, so inherent in a cloudy gem, that it gives one. One can measure to a millimetre the actual bulk of the jewel; but within that limit what spent lights gleam, what misty textures roll! It is like a little colored eye-hole through which one can discern the orbits of pale stars, the swimming vapors of some uncreated world.

In its perfect and ornate expressiveness, this, save perhaps for the "little colored eye-hole," might have been written by the *parfait prosateur* himself. Indeed, like nearly all except the most unsympathetic writers who have had their say of Pater, Mr. Benson seems to experience some difficulty in freeing his mind from the echo of the Paterian cadence. Once, in the elaborate and not quite tactful passage in which he panegyrizes Pater's love of cats, Mr. Benson pays, it seems to us, the penalty of discipleship, but in the main his humor as well as his critical sense preserves him. Perhaps the most suggestive and satisfying bit of criticism in the book is that in which he points out the frequent humor of Pater's writing—a humor so delicate, so mournfully disguised, that it has escaped the notice of some of the most attentive readers, and caused those who have ventured to assert its presence to be regarded as fantastic and paradoxical persons.

> It is the kind of humor (says Mr. Benson) that one may sometimes discern in the glance of a sympathetic friend when some mirth-provoking incident occurs at a solemn ceremony at which it is essential to preserve a dignity of deportment. At such moments a look of silent and rapturous appreciation may pass between two kindred spirits; such in its fineness and secrecy is the humor of Pater's writing, and presupposes a sympathetic understanding between writer and reader.

The burden of Mr. Benson's interpretation of Pater is the reiteration of the truth that has been many times stated of late—that Pater was far from being the shadowy æsthete that he so long appeared to downright persons, the Mr. Rose of Mallock's parody, living, in the suppressed phrase of his own, in a "medicated air," concerning himself about "remote and unaccustomed beauty, somnambulistic, frail, androgynous." But though Mr. Benson is wholly successful in painting the delicacy and devotion of Pater's temperament and the fundamental austerity of his mind, we do not derive from him a wholly satisfactory understanding of the inner spirit of that "new Cyrenaicism" which was, when all the evidence is considered, the true reflection of Pater's personality. This, no doubt, is because Mr. Benson quite rightly sees how much there is in the world other than new Cyrenaicism. But he would, we think, have been a truer interpreter of Pater if he had contrasted less and compared and expounded more. New Cyrenaicism, as it is taught in the "Renaissance" and in "Marius," is more than a mere æsthetic philosophy of life which might have found its arch saint in Benvenuto Cellini and its fallen angel in Dorian Gray. It was, as Mr. Benson capably points out, a synthesis of piety, humanistic scholarship, and the most delicate artistic appreciation in the deep imagination of a dreamer forever busied in reconstructing "with lucid purity of soul" the evanescent dreams, the abiding visions, of other dreamers and embodiers of dream in old forgotten ages of the world. So far, Mr. Benson is an excellent guide. It is only when he would introduce us to the cool, inscrutably smiling figure of Pater himself that we fail to be sure that he has a perfect comprehension of the quality and source of that elaborate, yet, as it were, passionate, serenity which was the chief trait of Pater as a man and as a critic of letters and art and life.

TWO NOVELS.

Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros.

The Bridal of Anstace. By Elizabeth Godfrey. John Lane.

If a novel is to go off well there must be somethink likeable about the principal character. It is not in the nature of man to sympathize with the brother whom he can't like, or even to take more than a perfunctory interest in a narrative of his ups and downs. There is nothing to like in Mrs. Ward's "John Fenwick," and therefore we are not moved from indifference by the well-told story of his misfortunes and wrongs, his success and failure. The best reason that can be given for not liking him is that his strong instincts are wrong. He makes a great show of despising popular success in his art (the art of painting), yet that is what he craves and instinctively works for. He dislikes men who openly bid for and win what he secretly covets, and hates men whose social experience and accomplishment are greater than his own. After his wife takes revenge for his practical denial of her existence he instinctively blames her for the rupture, and for many years (when he happens to think of her) is filled with "fierce and inextinguishable resentment." His friendship for Mme. de Pastourelle is thoroughly egotistical, resting always on what he thinks she can, may, or will do for him. From the beginning he is easily seen through, and hope of pleasant surprises diminishes as his career unfolds.

It does not appear probable that his wife's abandonment of him had the baleful effects which Mrs. Ward would have us believe. Indeed, she seems to us to have espoused the wrong side in the quarrel. The most that can be truthfully said of Mrs. Fenwick's conduct is that it was hasty, when great caution was important. At the moment when she found Mme. de Pastourelle's portrait in her husband's studio and her letters on his table, she is described as being in "an abnormal state, the victim of morbid processes of brain developed in her by solitude and wounded love and mortified vanity." It would be fairer to say that she was angry, naturally and justifiably angry, finding as she did what seemed to be excellent evidence of the faithlessness of a husband from whom she had already suffered (with indifferent patience) neglect that almost amounted to desertion. At this critical juncture the author exclaims: "One hour with him—one hour of love, scolding, tears—would have saved them both!" We cannot share her hopefulness. Fenwick had just been paid for two pictures, and had gone off to talk about his success to fellow-artists. It was his pious intention to go down to Westmoreland the next morning and share his good luck with his family. Supposing that he had returned to his studio and found his wife in a fine rage, nothing that the author has told about him justifies her beatific vision. It is more likely that, during the hour, he would have decided that he needed his money for a higher purpose than the support of his wife and child, and that Phoebe would have been packed off by an early train to enjoy a further period of seclusion in her native hills.

By espousing what seems to us the wrong side, the author has contrived to make a good ending. After twelve years of exile in Canada, Phoebe comes home, sensible of error, humble and suppliant, and her passionate eagerness to win back her husband supplies some emotional moments. As an entertaining picture of artists and their lives, wherein these differ from more equable people pursuing humdrum professions, the book cannot be commended. There is plenty of the temperamental irritability ascribed to artists, but no compensating temperamental gayety. Fenwick's musings about art and the "shop" talk are stiff and formal, rarely spontaneous. Mrs. Ward is more fluent and plausible in the discussion of politics or current questions. It is only in construction that "Fenwick's Career" seems to us better than her preceding novels.

Miss Godfrey's new novel opens instead of ends with a marriage ceremony. An

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English girl is wedded to an Asiatic Greek count—more specifically, belonging "to one of the old archontic families of the Fanar"—whose proud boast was "that the blood of the Paleologus" ran in his veins. The bride has accepted his religion with himself, and is about to be wafted with him on his yacht to live on an isle in the Ægean, among orange trees and ilex-bordered terraces. A terrible collapse occurs—nothing less than the disappearance of the bridegroom while the carriage waits at the door. Nor does he loom in sight again till the three-hundredth page. In the meantime, Anstace flees to a remote point on the English coast, where she hopes to find calm and privacy with an old nurse, married to a coast-guard officer. The year she spends in this wild, lovable region goes far toward making the reader forget the lost bridegroom. Here, beside the coast-guard folk, lived the Stonedge quarrymen, "a race apart, marrying only in their own community, keeping their own trade and trade-customs, and regarding every stranger as an intruder." "Not only no stranger, but no base-born man may even work in [the quarries], far less own them, and this has made them descend from father to son in a kind of perpetual entail." Some kindly souls there were in this clannish community to be hospitable to the unhappy refugee. By their distinctness they might be called village types, if that hackneyed name did not suggest hackneyed folk, whereas the men and women of Stonedge were ruggedly original.

Presently Anstace finds her intellectual level with the clergy and gentry of the region. She enters upon the enjoyment of their wonderful libraries and their collections of rare Greek manuscripts, makes catalogues and teaches the Romaic fashion of pronouncing; she learns their histories, too, and finds that all like herself have their private griefs. Thus she is slowly attuned to the great world-symphony of suffering, and learns to play her own little pipe with courage. Then comes the dénouement, bringing no conventional joy for her, but, instead, the peace of understanding, and she finds that, after long torture, to understand is to be almost happy. That for the reader there may be some weak points in the explanation is possibly only a tribute to its reality. There usually is a weak point in an explanation, and frequently more than one in the person who has to explain. As mysteries and solutions go, these will pass, and they have the advantage of a certain amount of originality. The book would be well worth while even if it had been written solely to picture the life of Anstace among the "Ancient Company of Marblers," wandering over their beautiful downs, learning their superstitions, seeing their ghosts. The Greek element is effective, but its fires flare now and then. At such moments its smoke is less of the torch than of the midnight oil. Just the least little suppression of its fumes, just the least touch more of the concealing art, and there need not be a sense of a story growing up around a study. Manners, customs, and pronunciations come in with the breath of research in their garments. But these easily-seen inequalities do not prevail over the fine and interesting features of the story. In construction and in omission, it is the most masterly novel Miss Godfrey has yet written.

Life in the Open: Sport with Rod, Gun, Horse and Hound in Southern California. By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Log of a Sea Angler: Sport and Adventures in Many Seas, with Spear and Rod. By Charles Frederick Holder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Holder has long been one of the most prolific of sportsman-naturalist writers, but two such books as we have before us at a time is a "double" somewhat beyond the ordinary, even for him. "Life in the Open," with its wide margins, large type, superior paper, abundant inset illustrations and appropriately decorated binding, is a volume which will take hold of the book-lover at once, regardless of contents; but it would be a pretty exacting reader who could feel any material disappointment after its perusal. Mr. Holder is well known to sportsmen as the original demonstrator of the fact that the leaping tuna of Southern California waters can be taken with rod and reel with a sufficient percentage of success to make the effort a fine sport for the expert angler. His organization of the famous Tuna Club followed this demonstration, and through its influence not only has tuna fishing been rescued from the unsportsmanlike and wasteful methods which formerly attended it, but the movement for the ethical elevation of sport in general has also received additional impetus. The reader of his books may feel assured from the start that he will be spared such disgusting details of enormous catches as disfigured much of the literature of angling in a not remote past. Paradoxical as it may seem to the uninformed, the most intelligent devotees of the rod and gun are to-day taking place as the most persistent and effective advocates of every rational movement to preserve our native fishes, birds, and wild animals from extinction. Let the zest for gentlemanly sport of this nature die out, and the "fish-hog," pot hunter, and milliner would go their old way rejoicing.

Mr. Holder's appreciative pores are open to every phase of nature and life in California. It is not only a good winter resort, but a good place for the summer as well, and he expresses hearty approval of the man who long years ago dropped into a Southern California town for a day's sojourn, vowed within a few hours that he would never leave it, telegraphed for his family, and now, in the ninth decade of his life, is still "growing up with the country." There are paragraphs in his book, as in the chapter on "Life in the Sierra Madre," which are strongly suggestive of the nature-writing of John C. Van Dyke, in such volumes as "The Desert" and "The Opal Sea." We do not mean to suggest imitation, or even unconscious influence of the one writer upon the other. The similarity is doubtless due to a certain likeness in the mental attitude of the two men towards the phenomena of nature. It would take more than internal evidence to show that the devotee of the rod, and not of the brush, penned the following sentences:

I have stood on the high peaks at night and watched the fog come stealing in from the sea, until it spread out, an opaline vestment, filling all the valleys with seas of silver, through which the tops of hills and lesser mountains protruded like islands; an sea of marvellous lights and shades. In early morning it is vermilion or violet or silver, a splendid spectacle, as though the very air had frozen and filled the lowlands with a rolling, billowy sea of ice that stretched away to the horizon and wound its way around the limitless world.

Of course, it is easy for such nature descriptions to slip insensibly into a mere habit of the pen, only indirectly the product of real feeling and incapable of begetting real feeling in the reader. Mr. Holder's shooting-stars and Mariposa lilies bloom together often enough to arouse a disquieting suggestion of the literary bouquet-maker, but on the whole the scent of the real blossoms is conveyed to his pages with noteworthy success.

We have suggested points at which the nature vision of Mr. Holder coincides with that of the art critic, John C. Van Dyke. Readers of the remarkable volume on "The Desert" will recall that Mr. Van Dyke's eye is open to certain moods and phases of Nature so sombre and heartless, so relentless in her carelessness of such a petty thing as man's fleeting interests and feelings, as to be profoundly depressing to the reflective mind. Whether from temperament or from conscious choice, Mr. Holder paints the outer world to us almost exclusively in its brighter and more optimistic phases. Henry Van Dyke could not go over Mr. Holder's pleasure haunts without adding to his literary record scores of sharply individualized pictures of human character, as definitely and lovingly presented to the mind of the reader as any of his sketches of lake or woodland or "little river." Mr. Holder's guides and companions are too vague in their outlines to stick fast in our memory as personal acquaintances, though in some of his chapters, especially in "The Log of a Sea-Angler," their successful characterization would add materially to the desired effect.

When it comes to his tales of fishing and hunting, the critic finds Mr. Holder somewhat of a puzzle. One feels wholly unwilling to classify him along with "the tribe of Ananias and Sapphira," a tribe much given to fishing and hunting, and yet the details of his long and remarkably comprehensive experience with gun and rod do make very heavy drafts upon the bank of human probability. We recall an old friend whose carefully chosen tackle appeared in the window of the village hardware store for sale. An exclamation of surprise brought from a store-box philosopher the remark, "Oh yes, he's resolved to put away his rod and gun and henceforth to lead a better life." Perhaps, however, we ought not to bring an angler's interpretation of his experiences to the clumsy standards certified by the official sealer of weights and measures. He is no grocer, or carpenter, but an artist, of the school of impressionism. How his captured tuna would balance against a bushel of coal in the opposite scale-pan is not the question, but how it balanced at one end of his nicely-adjusted tackle, against his own high-strung, nervous and muscular organization at the other. From this and not the basely material point of view we may read without being disturbed the story of Mr. Holder's record black sea-bass, a monster that in thirty minutes' fighting had drawn full seven hundred feet of line from a reel which, according to his express statement

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but three paragraphs back, had but about six hundred feet on it when the lure was tossed into the water. It is one of the most indubitable proofs of Mr. Holder's possession of the true spirit of the angler that, "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims" (Dr. Henshall invented the formula, if we remember rightly) is found in many waters and under various forms and names. The power to eliminate every other possible consideration by the joy immediately in hand, when a game fish is actually on your line, is the *ne plus ultra* of the angler's bliss, and, of course, removes all limit to the possible number of gamest fish or most exciting captures.

On the naturalist side, Mr. Holder shows some of the marks of the "new school." If we are to take his words, in various passages, at their face value, the fish that cuts the line against a projection of coral, tangles it in the weeds and then jerks loose because of the unyielding resistance thus secured, or springs into the air and throws the hook from its mouth by a muscular rebound from a suddenly assumed curve, is acting on a rational plan, as definitely conceived as that of a man who removes a fish-hook from his finger by cutting the line and drawing the shank of the hook on through the wound, to prevent the laceration incident to drawing the beard backward. All this takes no account of the fact that the first fish hooked in a virgin lake or stream, where no experience with contrivances of the kind has been possible, either to that particular fish or its ancestors, will go through exactly the same manœuvres as one of the same species in frequently fished water. The characteristic shake, we might almost say *shudder*, of a small-mouthed black bass, as it springs into the air with a hook in its mouth, is too natural a reflex effect of the sudden pain and nervous shock experienced to need any explanation which lugs in the advanced mental processes of the civilized human being. However, the gross amount of this new-fangled animal-psychology of the story writers is too small to be regarded as a serious drawback to Mr. Holder's books. All in all, we shall be surprised if the present season brings forth any comparable offering in the way of outdoor literature.

The Heart of the Railroad Problem: The History of Railway Discrimination in the United States, the Chief Efforts at Control, and the Remedies Proposed; with Hints from Other Countries. By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Some years ago, when the mania for serial biographies was at its height, a magazine publisher is said to have rejected a proffered manuscript with the remark, "What I want is a *snappy* life of Christ." The quality which the publisher required is very much in evidence in Professor Parsons's book. The volume is before everything else a "snappy" indictment of the railroads. Its thesis is, that "our railway practice is a tissue of unjust discrimination, denying the small man equal opportunity with the rich and influential." That there is very substantial ground for this charge is undeniable, but the author pursues his quest in curiously discursive fashion symptomatic of *la courte haleine*. Instead of assembling his counts under three or four main heads, he meanders through more than thirty chapters, each devoted to some phase of railroad iniquity. Again and again he recrosses his own argumentative trail. Thus, chapter 14, on Locality Discrimination, chapter 27, on The Long-Haul Anomaly, and chapter 28, on Other Place Discriminations, all treat of essentially the same theme. Chapter 13, entitled Imports and Exports, duplicates chapter 29, on Nullifying the Protective Tariff. In chapter 30, his "assortment of favoritisms" numbers over sixty separate offences. Browning's

> Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
> One sure if another fails,

is simply nowhere by comparison.

The average chapter is short, and rather more readable than the usual assault upon common carriers. Interviews and fragments of testimony, both questions and answers, are interspersed in the text. Occasionally a happy phrase throws a gleam of humor upon the discussion. Thus, on page 76, Professor Parsons remarks: "Aside from these sudden fainting spells of the oil tariff at convenient seasons for the Standard, the ordinary arrangements showed thoughtful care for its comfort." The author has an extensive knowledge of concrete facts about railroads. He has interviewed many railroad officials, and has travelled widely in quest of information. But no one will ever charge him with an undue tendency towards discrimination. He does not adequately sift the instances he cites. He does not always cross-examine his facts. An ex-parte statement, as on page 56, is as good as a court decision if it tends to help his case. He habitually underrates or minimizes the influence inevitably exerted on rates by water transportation. A tyro could explain the disparity in the rates between New York and Ogden, and between New York and San Francisco (p. 25). Occasionally Professor Parsons falls into downright error. Thus, on page 282, he asserts that the Interstate Commerce Commission "has not been overruled in respect to questions of fact, but on the application of what it believed to be law." And yet in the San Bernardino case the Circuit Court declared the facts "to be widely different from those set out in the report of the Commission."

Professor Parsons evinces no very thorough grasp of the theory of transportation. He has never taken to heart the adage, *non multa, sed multum*. He evidently inclines to a gradual realization of the postal principle of uniform charges irrespective of distance as the rule for railroad rates. Thus, on page 293, he remarks: "The equalization of rates through application of the principle to one commodity after another, or the gradual extension of zone distances in a zone tariff, offers the only hope of attaining a really just and scientific system of rates."

The sanest, most judicious part of the book sounds a warning against entertaining extravagant hopes that discrimination will practically cease if the power to set maximum rates is conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission. Twenty-two States have given their respective commissions certain powers of fixing rates on intra-State traffic. "In none of the States does the power to regulate rates appear to have produced results of much value" (p. 255, note). Many kinds of discrimination, as Professor Parsons shows, will hardly be removed even if pooling is legalized. As an opportunist policy the author supports the Hepburn bill, but he looks forward with hope to the eventual nationalization of our railroads.

The book is a readable collection of single instances of railroad enormities. In the hands of one acquainted with the essentials of transportation, it may prove of service; in the hands of a novice, it is likely to engender prejudice and disseminate error.

The Dynamics of Living Matter. By Jaques Loeb. Columbia University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Chemistry of the Proteids. By Gustav Mann. Macmillan. $3.25.

It is needless to say that no living wight comprehends even the outlines of the dynamics of living matter or the chemistry of any protoplasmic body. But it is an intensely interesting thing to see with what resistless march science seems to be now approaching the final investment of the two strongholds, of which the latter must be the key to the former. The attack upon that may be said to be the highest enterprise that man has ever undertaken with any reasonable prospect of success. The body of a living being is a chemical "works" of stupendous complexity, whose operations are of a most delicate nature. One could not, thirty years ago, have ventured even upon that statement without fear of contradiction; but it is now plain that it is a problem of chemistry, in which other sciences have to be considered about in the same proportion that they must be in explaining the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

In his "Concluding Remarks," Professor Loeb declares that the goal of biology is "experimental abiogenesis." He doubtless thought the time had not come to pick one's words upon such a point, but in any sense in which such a feat could be the goal of biology, it must include a practical understanding of the chemical constitution of albumens and nucleic acids. These are all optically active bodies, twisting the rays of light which pass through them, albumens to the left, nucleic acids to the right. At present, we can isolate such bodies only by the aid of other optically active bodies. Indeed, as yet we do not know what holds the atoms even of ordinary chemical compounds together. If chemical synthesis were uniformly accompanied by an evolution of heat, we should, no doubt, infer that attractive forces hold different kinds of atoms together in one molecule; but as long as there are decidedly stable bodies, such as acetylene, in whose synthesis heat disappears, it is plain that something besides attractions or repulsions must be concerned in the effect.

When we say that we understand the constitution of a chemical substance, we mean that we know what all the linkages of pairs of atoms are, and also what those modes of connection are that are not described by saying with what atoms each atom is linked and by how many bonds, but require a "stereochemical diagram" to represent the case. We now know that the

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reactions of a chemical body depend, not only upon its constitution, but also upon its impurities; for many of the most violent reagents are absolutely inert when they are absolutely pure; and there can be no doubt that the minute quantities of different salts which accompany the different albumens are essential to their chemical behavior. Even neglecting them, we cannot write the constitutional formula of any natural albuminous substance; and even if some archangel were to draw it up for us, with its fifteen thousand atoms represented by close-packed letters on a large sheet, where is the human intellect to which the diagram could reveal much? We do, however, now know, in a general way, that perhaps three-fourths of an albumen molecule consists of various alpha-amino-acids (which unite the characters of acids and bases), linked together as acid-amides—a description which, to a chemist, is sufficiently comprehensible and does not imply any terrible intricacy. There are further theories of Dr. Mann which appear to be almost proved, and which promise a still more definite conception of the protein bodies. It can no longer be said, as the chemistry books of only a few years ago told us, that the constitution of the proteins is "completely hidden in night." Dr. Mann gives a list of twenty-eight of their "primary dissociation products," or bodies which are almost fully present in the albumens, and discusses them clearly. His work professes to be based upon that of Prof. Otto Cohnheim, but in truth has many original merits of its own, and upon more than one point opposes Cohnheim's opinion, sometimes with great ability.

Dr. Mann's volume is severely scientific. Professor Loeb's, without any special charm of style or manner, recounts a history of ingenious and sound research by many biologists which will absorb the attention of average readers even if they find a reference to a dictionary occasionally helpful. Its main purport is that all the phenomena of development, self-preservation, and reproduction are capable of plain and complete physical and chemical explanation. It is not pretended that we are already in possession of such complete explanation; but that the explanation awaits only a further development of chemistry and of physiology (possibly of anatomy, too) to come to light. Upon this point, which is the kernel of his volume, Professor Loeb does not make his logic quite clear. His conclusion, that physiological life is fully explicable upon physical and chemical principles, is repeatedly asserted by him in unmistakable terms. His declarations are so emphatic that he is led to deflect such terms as "mysterious" and "metaphysical" from their precise philosophical acceptations in order to intone the disapproval, not to say reprobation, that he entertains for the opposite opinion. Yet he never tells us just how his position is supposed to be logically justified. If he only meant that it is a thoroughly vicious scientific method to introduce any other than purely physical and chemical hypotheses, in the present state of the question, then the reviewer, to speak for one very humble intelligence, would go along with him most heartily (though in opposition to some eminent anatomists), and would quite agree that it is morally wrong to contaminate science with such uncalled-for considerations. But such a merely regulative maxim of method would, after all, concern the scientific investigator alone, and not the general public, since it would not necessarily carry with it the slightest denial of the likelihood that "mysterious" and "metaphysical" agencies are at work, but only a denial that we are yet in a condition to prove their existence scientifically. Or, again, if Professor Loeb merely meant to say that the facts already in our possession are sufficient to render it improbable that the "mysterious" and "metaphysical" agencies, even if they exist, play more than an exceedingly subordinate part in the phenomena of physiological life, then we could understand how he might perhaps logically have reached such a conclusion. But his language is too absolute to afford room for such an interpretation.

The last sentence in the book, in its two clauses, both defines his position and affords some ground for characterizing it. It runs thus: "The idea that mutation is working in a definite direction is a mere anthropomorphism [this expands the term "anthropomorphism" to a vast and nebulous word, expressive of little but the utterer's aversion to that of which it is predicated], and, like all anthropomorphisms, is in contradiction with the facts." That is to say, because the writer is a brilliant leader in a difficult branch of physiology—a degree of eminence which can hardly have been attained without almost exclusive absorption in that branch of activity—he undertakes to make an absolute pronouncement upon a vexed question which concerns every department of human experience. Nevertheless, think what we may of such questions of logic, it is undeniable that the book is full of the most instructive and extraordinarily interesting matter, in large part new to all but the most fully informed, which is presented with great perspicuity, and put in as simple a form as possible.

The Origin of Life: Its Physical Basis and Definition. By John Butler Burke. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The mad Laird's plaintive cry, "I dinna ken where I came fra," is still repeated insistently by thoughtful men everywhere. From the questions of individual and family genealogy with which the most ancient records are burdened, the inquiry has proceeded to the origin and evolution of the human race, and the source of life itself. The theories of philosophers and biologists have been endless, and the discussion has received a distinctly novel impetus from the field of the new physics, especially the recently promulgated facts and theories of radio-active matter and the dynamic philosophy of such students of physical chemistry as Ostwald. General interest was aroused by the publication some months ago of the remarkable experiments of J. Butler Burke of Cambridge, England, upon the effect of radium salts upon sterile solutions of bouillon and other organic media. Under the influence of the radiations, small bodies (termed "radiobes") appear in the medium which behave strikingly like micro-organisms in that they grow in size and later exhibit nuclei and then divide. It is held that they are not bacteria nor even protoplasm, but that they are really alive, and represent transitional and evanescent forms of matter and energy lying between the common inorganic types of matter and stable living aggregates. This author has just published a bulky volume entitled as above, in which these facts are fully presented, with illustrations, in a setting which shows their relations to the new electric theories of matter and energy and to a general philosophy of dynamic idealism. While biologists generally will probably regard this presentation, like the earlier one, as failing to prove the author's main thesis, viz., that his radiobes are in any ordinary sense alive, nevertheless, the volume will serve a valuable purpose as an excellent *exposé* of both old and new theories of the origin of life, and of a philosophy of nature which is growing in popularity.

The Federalist System, 1789-1801. By John Spencer Bassett. Pp. xviii., 327.—*The Jeffersonian System,* 1801-1811. By Edward Channing. Pp. xiii., 299. [The American Nation, vols. xi., xii.] New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net each.

The above volumes of the "American Nation" series treat concisely two short periods of American history which, more than any others of equal length, are at once clearly defined and sharply contrasted. Nowhere in the constitutional period do we find a more decided break in spirit and temper than in passing from the administration of John Adams to that of Jefferson; and never, surely, has there been exhibited more complete oppositeness of view and aim. Into the first period of twelve years fall the organization of the Federal Government under the new Constitution, the erection of an administrative system, and the determination of certain primary rules of constitutional interpretation. The second period saw an effort to curtail the elaborateness and repair the excesses of Federalist administration, and to enthrone in the national field a new democratic spirit. Each period is burdened with intricate and vexatious controversies with foreign nations, and with dangerous revolts against the Government at home; each is marked by violent party struggles, all the more bitter because of the personal elements which entered into, and in a measure inspired, them; but while the Federalists, more and more disregardful of public opinion, eventually pulled down their party house upon their own heads, Jefferson contrived so to guide his political following as to give it long life and even essential permanence. Lastly, while Federalist "loose construction" evolved a theory of the Constitution under which almost anything may well have seemed possible, Jeffersonian literalness, persistently decrying the whole theory for which Federalism stood, calmly accepted an epoch-making expansion of national territory for which nobody pretended to find the slightest constitutional warrant.

The treatment of these two periods by Professor Bassett and Professor Channing is in most respects praiseworthy, and, at some points, superior. The ground has been gone over so often that particular novelty in arrangement is, of course, out of the question, though the story gains in clearness by the subdivision into short chapters which is characteristic of this series. Of the two volumes, that of Pro-

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fessor Bassett presents the least that is new; indeed, while the narrative shows throughout a careful sifting of material, it does not often strike much below the surface. The chapters on English manœuvring in the Northwest, Spain in the Southwest, Genet's mission, the quarrel with France, and the social conditions of the time, are distinctly good. The grave defect of the book is its singular neglect of constitutional matters. The great battle over construction, in which Hamilton and Jefferson were the leaders, must ever remain one of the most profoundly significant facts in American history; but Professor Bassett barely alludes to it, and then only to dismiss it in the most summary fashion. When one considers that all the essential substance of Marshall's doctrine is elaborated, and for the first time, in Hamilton's opinion on the constitutionality of a national bank, the document is certainly worthy of more notice than the two or three lines (p. 39) here accorded to it. The same criticism, with some relaxation, must also be passed on the account of the financial organization of the Government.

The first decade of Republican control presents, in comparison with the Federalist period, few constitutional questions of importance; and Professor Channing's hands are left free for a task in which he has long since proved himself an adept—the clear and orderly presentation of complicated happenings, the unravelling of tangled skeins of purpose and motive, and the discrimination of personal agency. We are disposed to think that the "Jeffersonian System" is decidedly the best piece of condensed work the author has yet done; and even the elaborate history of Henry Adams, to which general indebtedness is freely acknowledged, has been corrected at a number of points by this brief volume. Particularly notable are the fresh and unconventional appreciation of Jefferson as President and man, the well-drawn contrast between his earlier and later policies, and the account of the battle of orders, decrees and embargoes. If Professor Channing's work does not make Jefferson appear more admirable, it at least makes his official conduct more intelligible; while the handling of John Randolph, though critical, is distinctly more sympathetic than that of Henry Adams's biography. On the whole, the book must be accounted one of the most successful contributions to this valuable series.

The apparatus and general make-up of the series continue to be well provided for. So far as the footnotes of the present volumes show, the main reliance has been printed material. The bibliographies are reasonably full, that to Professor Channing's volume being particularly valuable because of its more extended critical comments. Of the numerous maps, special mention may be made of those showing the Georgian claims and Spanish boundary, 1789-1802, and the progress of emancipation, 1777-1804, in the volume by Professor Bassett; and the Louisiana purchase, West Florida, and Indian cessions in the Northwest, in that by Professor Channing. The collection of all the maps of this series in a single volume would be a boon to students. We note two misprints in "The Federalist System": Vigal for Vigol (p. 112), and 1900 for 1800 in the title of chapter x.

The Struggle for Self-Government. With a Dedication to the Czar. By Lincoln Steffens. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.

With the exception of the extended dedication, which is of course new, the present volume is a reprint of the author's magazine work of the past two years, with little alteration saving the addition of a footnote here and there. The title hardly represents the contents, which deal more with corrupt conditions than with efforts for improvement. Mr. Steffens objects to having his work classified with the "literature of exposure," since he maintains that he writes only what everybody knows. In the various chapters, dealing with six different States, there is constant insistence on a fundamental identity of origin for all the corruption encountered, and that origin is the use of the machinery of government by unscrupulous business interests for private ends. With the growth and amalgamation of business interests in general, this malign species of industry has also spread and consolidated until no merely local reform of administration can be of any permanent value. Local, State, and national reforms must go together, and the people must be so thoroughly and generally awakened to the situation as to take the reins of government effectively into their own hands and out of the hands of the special interests which have gained control, partly through popular indifference and partly through a fallacious idea, natural enough in a distinctively industrial era, that business interests really ought to be in control. Self-government, Mr. Steffens holds, and not "good government," should be the first demand. The worst buccaneers who ever got possession of a city or State may consent to give "good government," clean streets, effective police administration, etc., merely as a blind to cover immensely more profitable channels of corruption. Once establish a genuinely representative government of the people, and good government will be a comparatively simple problem.

If there is any serious fault to be found with this book it is a fault of style rather than of substance. A reader whose imagination is not already unduly heated on the subject, by the constant perusal of the more sensational dailies, can hardly fail to get an impression of exaggeration, and still a careful examination gives one no basis upon which to accuse Mr. Steffens of exaggerations of fact. His indictment of the Cox régime in Cincinnati has been more than justified by the panic-stricken admissions and restitutions of just a few of the guilty beneficiaries, startled out of their usual presence of mind by the possibility of an involuntary visit to the penitentiary as a result of the recent political revolution in Ohio. The trouble, apparently, lies in too continual effort for emphatic form of statement. One's ear grows tired of such persistent hammering, and a temptation to drop the book as the mere ranting of an insincere "yellow journalist" is the price which the author pays for conceding too much to the latter's habits of speech. We fear that the dedication runs more chance of passing as a bit of up-to-date journalism than as the effective political satire evidently intended. Mr. Steffens has qualifications for very useful work as a reformer if he will but avoid a pit or two upon the brink of which he seems inclined to play.

Figures Byzantines. By Charles Diehl. Paris: Armand Colin.

M. Charles Diehl, whose archæological studies have carried him far and wide along the shores of the Mediterranean, seems to possess a special fondness for the life of the Eastern Empire. Here he passes from the vestiges of art that still attest the power of New Rome, to the portraiture of notable individuals. So far as this work has a special purpose, it will be found in the desire to set forth the importance of the feminine element at the court of the Byzantine Cæsars. Eudoxia, Theodora, Irene, Theophano, and Zoë are perhaps the most celebrated women whose whims or convictions affected the course of politics at Constantinople; but, from the accession of Arcadius to the Fourth Crusade, the Augusta of New Rome held, by virtue of her rank, a position such as was never attained by the consort of Charlemagne or Otto. The Salic Law is popularly known from a single provision, but of that famous ordinance against the succession of women there is no counterpart among the edicts of the Byzantine state. The notion, however widely held, that the princesses of Constantinople were reared and lived in Oriental seclusion, is erroneous. The empress had her place in the palace system, and a place which came only just below that of the emperor. Not only could she work through intrigue, as queens of the West undoubtedly did when forced by masculine prejudice from the open field of politics, but she had very considerable prerogatives, could at times mount to the throne herself, and was a factor of the first importance, whether in the days of peaceful routine or on the eve of a *coup d'état*. Theodora guarded a dethroned patriarch of Constantinople for twelve years in her own apartments, and the fact that he was there seems not to have leaked out until after the death of the empress herself. Such was the seclusion of this precinct and the completeness of control possessed by the Augusta over her private arrangements.

Unlike the queens of the West, the Byzantine empress was seldom picked out for her wealth or for the greatness of her connections. At times, to be sure, an empress was chosen in the West as Judith was chosen by Louis the Pious, simply for her good looks. But at Constantinople beauty was the pearl of great price, the necessary dower of the Augusta. By dint of a systematic quest the comely damsels were found and brought before the eye of Cæsar that he might select a spouse whose appearance would comport with her position. Doubtless in Latin Christendom beauty was never disregarded, but at Constantinople it was the determining consideration. Where a man could rise to the throne from the humble beginnings of Basil the Macedonian, it is not strange that Theodora should become an empress. Never have the vagaries of human vicissitude been stranger, more incredible, than in New Rome. It is among these beautiful women of the Byzantine court that M. Diehl finds most of the figures whose careers and personalities are depicted in the present volume. His sketches are both

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scholarly and entertaining. The only feature of his manner at which we are disposed to carp is a certain fondness for wide and sometimes contradictory generalization. For instance, on page 51 he says that Theodora is the only empress of Constantinople who is at all well known; on page 217 he states that Theophano almost vies in celebrity with Theodora. Also, on pages 31, 33, and 49, there are several statements regarding the attitude of Eudoxia, after her conversion, towards Christianity which it is difficult to reconcile with each other. Apart from this tendency to employ sweeping formulas, the volume calls for nothing but praise. Perhaps the most interesting single sketch is that which portrays the ambitions of Irene, although readers of Mr. Harrison's "Theophano" will be glad to see how M. Diehl has used the narrative of Leo the Deacon in making up his tale of a famous tragedy. Regarding Theodora there is always something more or less new to be said, but such novelties of judgment as M. Diehl offers are not very startling. He inclines to soften the scandals and to give the empress credit for sustained cleverness. But nothing can soften the implacability of her resentments, or leave her with a reputation for higher qualities than those which find employment in the strife of party politics.

Shinto: The Way of the Gods. By W. G. Aston. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

Writers on Japan who have little or no perspective are apt to imagine that Shinto has been a great educator of the Japanese people. Many wonderful things are credited to what is tautologically called "Shintoism," while the supreme part played by the ethics of Confucianism in the training of the intellectual leaders of the nation and by Buddhism, the universal faith of the people, is apt to be ignored or its importance minified. Those writings which profess to deal with Shinto, found in the old books by European authors, from which even philosophers like Herbert Spencer obtained their so-called facts and whence they drew their deductions, were grossly misleading. They dealt with what was really a form of Buddhism, which, for the sake of revenue and other considerations, chiefly those of priestcraft, had overlain the primitive cult. The revival by a few scholars of "Pure Shinto," beginning a century or more before 1868, was made manifest and enforced by Governmental edict in that epochal year. The only writings in a foreign tongue about Shinto which are trustworthy are those of that small but noble band of British civil-servants, Satow, Aston, and Chamberlain, who, after profound researches into the early documents and primitive language, translated the rituals, poetry, and sacred books of Shinto. After years of ripened thought, they have given us the philosophy in addition to the facts. Now, thanks to their labors, one can read the "Kojiki," and the "Nihongi" in English, with an elaborate apparatus for study in the form of notes and commentary.

The earlier book, the "Kojiki" (Notices of Ancient Records) gives us the primeval legends and mythology of the islanders in purely insular moulds of thought, while the other, the "Nihongi" (Chronicles of Japan) presents substantially the same lore, but set in the elaborate framework and terminology of Chinese philosophical conceptions. Studying these basic documents, we find that there are several cycles of tradition, showing repeated migrations from some river-valley in continental Asia, and making it pretty clear that the very many, very mixed and independent tribes in the archipelago, whether Ainu, Malay, Negrito, or Yamato, knew very little of their ancestry. They had no family life, as that term is understood in English. They did not practise ancestor-worship, and adoption was unknown. The emergence, out of phallicism and primitive beast worship, of what was in later days called Shinto, at a time when it first appears in documentary form, shows that the Way of the Kami (superiors, or "gods") is the least developed of the religions which have an adequate literary record. On the other hand, Shinto is not a primitive cult as of people in absolute savagery, for it had already in the eighth century an organized priesthood and an elaborate ritual, and the primitive forms of life of hunters and fishermen had been left far behind, while the people who held to this faith were agricultural—a fact which profoundly reacted upon the religion itself. These Shintoists, without writing and most of the higher arts of civilization, had nevertheless a settled form of government. They brewed liquor from grain, made pottery, boats and bridges, and were metal workers. In a word, they were men with bronze and iron weapons surrounded by tribes living in the Stone Age, and these tribes, their fellow-islanders, the primitive Shintoists proceeded to conquer by means of their superior weapons and their superior theology, namely, Shinto. The area of the Japan of the "Kojiki," within the ken of its first writers, was that part which may be covered when one lays a ruler over the map containing Kiu-Shiu, Shikoku, and only the southern and western half of the main island. The northern half of Hondo and Yezo was unknown, and of China and Korea the inhabitants hear only in very late times.

Borrowing from China in the seventh century both civil government and military organization, these former emigrants from the mainland and probably from the Sungari River valley, began the conquest and pacification north and south of the tribes in the archipelago. After four hundred years of activity there was, in the eleventh century, for the first time a Japanese nation. The method of the conquest is clear in the "Kojiki" and the "Nihongi" narratives. Armed with the dogma that the Mikado-clan and tribesmen were from heaven, or descended from the celestial gods, while the people to be conquered were but earth-born, Shinto was made a coercive and converting engine of high power. Nevertheless, such political machinery was in its essence only the Japanese expression of the doctrine of divine right, and was but the local variation of ideas that have prevailed wherever an immigrant race has overcome an aboriginal people. Possibly, even, it was not so different from the behavior of the average American in the Philippine Islands to-day.

Mr. Aston, who has in his various writings dissected the doctrines of Mikadoism and exposed facts patent to the critic, sums up his life-work in this volume. He does this with pitiless logic and unanswerable argument. He treats of personification and the deification of men (that is, of the general features of Shinto), and then analyzes the myths and mythical narrative. He makes us acquainted with the odd and curious characters of the Shinto pantheon, some of whom are barely mentioned, while others are pictured with lively episode, in the ancient books. While in childish credulity the profoundly learned Japanese scholars, like Motoori and Hirata (without any sense of humor), took the stories of the "Kojiki" as real history, this author shows the Chinese origin of many if not most of them. His pages are rich also in literal translations of the rituals and the narrative texts. He proves, too, that a large amount of things unknown in the "Kojiki" and "Nihongi" are now part of modern Shinto. Incidentally, it is shown how numerous are the miraculous births and pregnancies in Japanese myths. "Mankind have a rooted propensity for imagining that it is possible to improve on the means ordained for this purpose by Divine Providence." In Shinto the substitute for and variation of a virgin birth is seen when "Susa no wo" proposed to the Sun-goddess "that they should each produce children by biting off and crunching parts of the jewels and swords which they wore and blowing away the fragments. Eight children born in this way were worshipped in after times . . . who figure largely in the genealogies of Japanese noble families."

One exceedingly valuable feature of this book, for the serious student, is that Mr. Aston has not suppressed facts, statements, and quotations which, in other books on the religions of Japan, have been expurgated from the text, in order to suit a general public on whom publishers relied for revenue. One may therefore trust his work for its truth as well as its fulness. Without taking further space in either criticism or commendation, we can heartily refer the reader to the volume, which has a good index. It is the only complete monograph on Shinto. In his final chapter, on the decay of Shinto and its modern sects, the author declares that the official cult of the present day is substantially the result of the writings of two modern native scholars, and that it has very little vitality.

A rudimentary religion of this kind is quite inadequate for the spiritual sustenance of a nation which in these latter days has raised itself to so high a pitch of enlightenment and civilization. . . . The main stream of Japanese piety has cut out for itself new channels. As a national religion, Shinto is almost extinct. But it will long continue to survive in folklore and custom.

Aus dem Leben eines deutschen Bibliothekars: Erinnerungen und biographische Aufsätze. Von Otto Hartwig. Marburg: Elwert.

When Otto Hartwig, after retiring, in 1898, from the post of Director of the University Library in Halle, settled in Marburg in Hesse, near his old home, it was his intention to devote as much of his leisure as his impaired eyesight would admit to put on paper his recollections of his life, using his personal reminiscences chief-

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ly as the connecting links for an account of the affairs of his time, accompanied by comments and reflections on German libraries and librarianship. He printed, in 1900, in a small edition for private distribution, a pamphlet entitled "Aus dem Leben eines alten deutschen Bibliothekars. I., Lehr- und Wanderjahre," which was to be followed by a second part, "Arbeits- und Ruhejahre." But when he died, on the 22d of December, 1903, only the beginning of this part was finished for publication, carrying the story of his life down to 1876, or just to the moment when his real work began.

Hartwig was born on the 16th of November, 1830, in Wichmannshausen in Hesse, where his father was pastor. In 1850 he entered the University of Marburg to study theology and philology. He did not study theology in order to become a minister, but partly because his father wanted him to do so, partly because of his interest in religious questions. He took, however, in 1855, the theological examination, after which he went in residence to Göttingen to write his doctor's dissertation, on the mediæval Hessian poet, Heinrich von Langenstein, which the following year was accepted by the philosophical faculty of Marburg. In 1857 he accepted a position as "Repetent" at the University, among his duties being two hours' daily service at the University Library. He remained here until 1860, studying and working, beginning a journalistic activity which was to be, in times to come, considerable, both in quantity and quality; but the outlook was not happy in Hesse at that time for a man of liberal mind, and he accepted, therefore, in that year an offer to go to Messina, in Sicily, as pastor for the German free congregation in that city. Here he remained five years, interrupted, however, by a journey to Germany in 1863 to be treated for an eye disease which was to follow him through life, and which prevented the realization of many literary plans.

His sojourn in Sicily—his real "Wanderjahre"—was of the greatest interest and importance to him. A new field for fruitful study opened up before him, and, even if his plan to write a modern history of Sicily came to naught, his studies gave him many opportunities for literary work. He edited the earliest known city code of Messina, published in 1867 and 1869 two volumes of historical studies, "Aus Sicilien," and wrote articles and book reviews on Sicilian subjects. The Baedeker volume on Sicily is based on a manuscript that he prepared, and contains many contributions entirely from his pen. Hartwig's interest in Sicily brought him to the study of general Italian history, especially Florentine; one of his few published *books* is a work in two volumes entitled "Quellen und Forschungen zur ältesten Geschichte der Stadt Florenz," printed in 1875 and 1880. In 1865, Hartwig returned to Germany; in 1866 he received a temporary appointment as instructor at the gymnasium in Rinteln; and in 1867 he entered the service of his old alma mater as secretary of the University. A separate chapter of his reminiscences is devoted to the ten years during which he was connected with this institution, first as secretary, and from 1874 as sub-librarian. He says little of his actual work, and all the more, in this as in the other chapters, of the men who lived and worked at the University, and of the general conditions of the Hessian Electorate. His reminiscences end, as already remarked, with the year 1876, when he was appointed University librarian of Halle. Twenty-two years he remained here, refusing an offer to go to Breslau as Dziatzko's successor. These years include the reorganization, recataloguing, and reclassification of the University library and its installation in a modern building, the foundation of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, and an extensive literary activity, not only for that journal, but as contributor to several literary and critical magazines, such as the *Deutsche Rundschau* and *Die Nation*. But the story of these years he did not live to relate.

The volume before us contains, besides Hartwig's reminiscences and a few articles on political subjects, three biographical sketches—of Karl Hillebrand, Louise von François, and Ludwig Bamberger. Hillebrand and Bamberger both belonged to the men of '48, of whom so many came to this country and cast in their lot with what is best in American politics and civilization. Bamberger was only by accident prevented from following Friedrich Kapp to New York; he entered instead the banking house founded by his uncle Bischoffsheim in London. As banker he worked for more than a decade in London, Holland, and Paris, and returned in the middle of the sixties to Germany, where he took that prominent part in the politics of the Empire which has made his name known far and wide. Hillebrand settled in France, and soon acquired fame and influence as a littérateur in four languages, contributions from his pen being found in French, Italian, German, and English periodicals, the *Nation* included. Hartwig's memoirs of these two brilliant men were written shortly after the death of each. They are excellent examples of his art as portrait-painter.

A Modern Slavery. By Henry W. Nevinson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

The motive which led Mr. Nevinson to Western Africa was the desire to show that the negroes employed upon the plantations of the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Principe are in all but name slaves. To secure the necessary evidence he went last year into the interior of the province of Angola, whence the "serviçaes" (servants), as they are now called, are brought to the coast. His book consists of letters written at different stages of his journey and originally published in *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly*, describing his experiences and giving the results of his investigations.

The main facts, as gathered from his statements, are these: The mortality of the serviçaes is so great (practically one-fifth die annually) that several thousand have to be imported every year; 4,572 were taken to San Thomé alone in 1901, and 1,386 in the first four months of 1905. Traders, accordingly, make a business of going into the interior, where they buy men, women, and children who are sold for various causes, as, to wipe out an ancestral debt, on account of the poverty of the family, or for the alleged crime of witchcraft on the death of a relative. Some are simply raided or exchanged for a gun. A woman with whom Mr. Nevinson had an interview at a rest-house on the old slave-route, told him that "she had come from a very long way off. . . . She thought four moons had gone since they started. She had a husband and three children at home, but was seized by the men of another tribe and sold to a white man for twenty cartridges. . . . She did not know where she was going. She supposed it was to Okalunga—a name which the natives use equally for hell or the abyss of death, the abyss of the sea and for San Thomé." They are brought down in large gangs; one passed by Mr. Nevinson numbered seventy-eight, nearly all boys under fourteen. At times they are chained together, their hands shackled, and their necks held fast in forked sticks. He never saw this, but he found numerous shackles hanging on low bushes beside the path, and was assured that each shackle represents the death of one who had been unable to keep up with the march and so was murdered or left to die. Parts of his route were strewn with skeletons.

When the poor creatures reach the coast they are brought before the official representative of the "Central Committee of Labor and Emigration for the Islands" to be "redeemed" from slavery. Each native is asked by an interpreter if it is his or her wish to go to San Thomé, or to undertake some other form of service to a new master. Of course the answer is "Yes." "When a man has been brought hundreds of miles from his home by an unknown road and through long tracts of 'hungry country'—when, also, he knows that if he did get back he would probably be sold again or killed—what else can he answer but 'yes'? Under similar circumstances the Archbishop of Canterbury would answer the same." In this way the native declares, so the document reads, that "he has come of his own free will to contract for his services" for five years at a certain monthly wage, the minimum for men being about $2.50, for women $1.80. Although the laborers on the plantations visited by Mr. Nevinson did not appear to be ill-treated, few live more than three or four years after their landing. This is due partly to the intensely hot and humid climate, but mainly, according to the testimony of the doctor who was making his official visit, to anæmia caused by misery and homesickness. The Government apparently makes no attempt to stop the buying of the natives in the interior, but considers that it has discharged its obligations to them by their "redemption" at the coast. Its only excuse is the pressing needs of the island planters. "A manager in Principe, who employs one hundred and fifty slaves on his roça, told me that it is impossible for him fully to develop the land without two hundred more, but he simply cannot afford the £6,000 needed for the purchase of that number." There is, however, a growing feeling against the practice on the spot and in Portugal. A little newspaper (*A Defeza de Angola*) appears occasionally at Loanda, in which the shame of the whole system is exposed, and it is the chief subject of conversation and politics in the province, for the population is being decreased by the traffic and its prosperity is seriously endangered.

There can be no reasonable doubt that

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the slave trade and slavery exist in their worst forms in Portuguese West Africa. The question what can be done to secure its abolition is not one for philanthropists merely. As a nation we are in a measure responsible for it. The representatives of the United States were the first to sign the Brussels "General Act" of 1890, by which they declared it to be our "firm intention of putting an end to the crimes and devastations engendered by the traffic in African slaves, of efficiently protecting the aboriginal population of Africa, and of securing for that vast continent the benefits of peace and civilization." Mr. Nevinson's appeal to us, therefore, to "stand as the bulwark of freedom against tyranny" is one to which we should give most earnest heed. If public sentiment against the evil should be thoroughly aroused, his sanguine words might hopefully prove true. "Let America declare that her will is set against slavery, and at her voice the abominable traffic in human beings between Angola and the islands will collapse."

Though human bondage is the main subject treated, it should be added that the book contains many interesting and vivid pictures of life and travel in a country about which comparatively little has been written. We regret the chapter on missions, as it has no bearing on his subject; and though the author cordially praises the missionaries for their hospitable kindness to him, his utter lack of sympathy with them makes his account of their work a mere caricature. For the rest, we unreservedly commend Mr. Nevinson for the courage and devotion with which he gave himself to his noble task, facing undauntedly not only the perils of the climate, the swamp and the forest, but the graver danger of falling a victim to those whose nefarious work he was exposing. We trust that his efforts will not have been in vain.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alec-Tweedie, Mrs. The Maker of Mexico: Porfirio Diaz. John Lane Co.
Bilancioni, G. Dizionario di Botanica Generale. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Everett, Charles. Nano. Washington: World's Thought Publishing Co.
Frenssen's Gravelotte. Edited by Otto Heller. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Hutton, Edward. The Cities of Spain. Macmillan Co. $2.
In the House of her Friends. Robert Grier Cooke.
Joseph, H. W. B. An Introduction to Logic. Henry Frowde.
Kingsley's, Charles, Water-Babies. Edited by Janet Horace-Smith and Marion L. Milford. Henry Frowde.
Lang, Andrew. Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart. Macmillan Co. $2.75.
Moore, Frederick. The Balkan Trail. Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Edited by Frank M. Colby and George Sanderman. Vol. I. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Okey, Thomas. The Story of Paris. Macmillan. $2.
Plato's Euthyphro, Apology, and Crito. Translated by F. M. Stawell. Putnams. $1.
Students and the Modern Missionary Crusade. Nashville Convention, 1906. Student Volunteer Movement.
Vizetelly, Frank H. A Desk-Book of Errors in English. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.
Wack, Henry Wellington. In Thamesland. Putnams. $3 net.
War in South Africa. Translated by Col. Hubert Du Cane. Dutton. $4 net.

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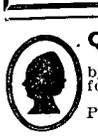

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